HEALD, Wm. M.

THE

BRUNONIAD:

A

POEM,

IN SIX CANTOS.

AUDIRE MAGNOS JAM VIDEOR DUCES,
NON INDECORO PULVERE SORDIDOS,
ET CUNCTA TERRARUM SUBACTA,
PRÆTER ATROCEM ANIMUM *BRUNONIS.*

HORACE.

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SINCE the decline of the Boerhaavian ſyſtem of medicine, the only ones which have extenſively prevailed, are thoſe of Drs. Cullen and Brown, both of Edinburgh. Dr. Cullen publiſhed his, ſome years ago, in a work, entitled "Firſt Lines of the Practice of "Phyſic." Not long after, Dr. Brown publiſhed his Elementa Medicinæ, wherein he refuted the former in a very ample manner, and gave lectures, to a number of ſtudents, with great approbation. Dr. Cullen is profeſſor of the practice of phyſic in the Univerſity; Dr. Brown was a private teacher. Some time ago, the Doctor, probably not meeting with the encouragement he wiſhed for in Scotland, and being at perpetual variance with the profeſſors, came to London, where he delivered ſeveral courſes of lectures, and died.

In his Latin publication he aſſumes the name of JOHANNES BRUNO.

THE

PREFACE.

As cuſtom ſeems to have laid an embargo on every publication, eſpecially in the province of poetry, unleſs uſhered into the world by a few pages under the title of Preface, a deviation from ſo uſeful, ſo polite, and ſo extenſive a practice, is a fault, of which we would wiſh by no means to be guilty. For this purpoſe, peruſing an immenſe number of theſe elegant performances, we find that the majority of authors, in committing their lucubrations to the preſs, have been involuntary agents; and that it is entirely owing to the urgent requeſts and interceſſions of their numerous catalogue of friends, that the public have ever enjoyed the ſupreme happineſs of imbibing inſtruction from theſe fountains of erudition, which, but for the benevolent exertions of theſe very friends, muſt

have

have unavoidably remained for ever clofed. Fearing this alfo, from its unlimited ufe, may have likewife become a law of cuftom, not to be infringed, we here think proper to inform our readers, that, had not our friends become fo outrageoufly clamorous and turbulent, it is very probable, this our Brunoniad, from our great modefty and trepidation, would have flept for ages in unmolefted repofe. Should the preceding fentences feem harfh and unharmonious unto any of our readers, prejudice itfelf, we prefume, will readily excufe them, when informed, that, from our ignorance in compofition of this kind, they have coft us (efpecially the laft) more trouble and anxiety than the whole of our poem. We fay the laft, againft which our only objection is this, that it unluckily happens to be profe inftead of poetry.

Before we attempted the invocation of any mufe, we were fully aware of the importance of our theme, which the moft inveterate malevolence will not dare to load with detraction; fince the heroes thereof, through the lapfe of unnumbered ages, have fuftained the moft dignified characters in fociety, bowing the ftiff necks, and bending the ftubborn knees of the moft Herculean members, and having their mandates, whether in the proper application of a cataplafm, or the exhibition of a purgative, obeyed with as much punctuality as ever were thofe of an eaftern defpot.

We affure our benevolent readers, that it was with no fmall concern that we faw deeds worthy of eternal memorial daily tranfacted in our northern regions, and no inhabitant of Parnaffus infpired with a noble ardour to commit them to pofterity, that fu-

ture

ture generations might take a retrofpect of the prowefs of their anceftors, contemplate their virtues,

" Mix in their deeds, and kindle at the flame."

This we affirm to have been the fole caufe of our labours; to which we were further prompted, by cafually glancing upon " Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona, &c."

With regard to the genealogy of our hero, we are extremely forry that we can offer no accurate account. Ecclefiaftical hiftory mentions certain pontiffs of the fame name; but we do not recollect any notice taken of the lineaments of their countenances, whether they were abftemious, or indulged a little in certain fluids, which poffefs a wonderful property in exhilarating the animal fpirits, and making jovial the inward man. Moft probably they did; for unto us it feemeth an utter impoffibility, that the amazing efficacy of thefe ineftimable treafures, in ftimulating the orator, and, confequently, propagating the gofpel (which hath fince received fuch inconteftable proofs in this our ifland), fhould efcape the learning and ingenuity of a Roman pontiff.

Thefe are all the remarks we have to offer upon this beloved offspring of our brain; and we would willingly flatter ourfelf with the hopes, that our readers will be unanimous, in acknowledging that the grandeur of our fong is fuftained with due folemnity; that in the unity, the integrity, and the duration of our action, the characters of our heroes, and the machinery of our poem, we have faithfully adhered to the precepts of our father Ariftotle; that we

we have no where tranſgreſſed the bounds of probability; and, that even the morality of our work is ſufficiently evident, without the minute inveſtigation of a microſcopic eye.

Here then would we willingly fix the period of our labours; but our veneration and reſpect for the learned faculty whoſe actions are the ſubject of our ſong, are ſo intenſe and vehement, that we cannot deny ourſelves the pleaſure of expatiating a little upon ſo uſeful a profeſſion.

Our ſpeculations, of late years, have been much engaged among the brethren of the healing art, and the reſult, when we examine our journal, ſeems to be as follows:

First. Although the ancient diſtinction of ſects be, to ſuperficial obſervation, ſeemingly dropt into oblivion, yet we have a multitude of facts which evince the dogmatics, the methodics, and the empirics to be ſtill remaining. Of the dogmatics, it hath been our fortune to meet with great numbers: they poſſeſs many excellent qualities, of which their anceſtors were utterly deſtitute; but in nothing do their mental faculties appear with greater ſplendour, than in their firm adherence to any particular opinions which have made more than ordinary impreſſions upon the ſenſorium commune, rather chooſing the wrong with Galen than the right with Paracelſus: ſo great indeed is their ſtability (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) in this reſpect, that to attempt the refutation of any ſingle dogma, would be a taſk equally fruitleſs, as to perſuade a phyſician to diminiſh his fee to ſix-pence, or an apothecary to compound his laxative potion for a farthing.

Secondly.

Secondly. Neither are the methodical gentlemen ſo far extinct as many people are apt to imagine. Their forefathers attributed every diſeaſe (except a few which were of a mixed nature) to either too great a laxity or ſtricture of the corporeal particles; but the ſublime philoſophers of the preſent time, from the experience of ages, have proved this to be a groſs error, and, by ſtrength of genius, and laudable induſtry, have diſcovered the whole tribe of diſeaſes to proceed from the latter cauſe; eſpecially in theſe northern regions, where the cold, by obſtructing the pores of the ſkin, hinders the eſcape of the perſpirable fluid, which, ſtagnating, fills the ſyſtem with morbific matter, till vigilant Nature gets the better in the conteſt, and obliges the foe to decamp in the various forms of leproſy, and herpes, and elephantiaſis, and gout, and ſcald head, and fiſtula in ano. Accordingly, the eſtabliſhment of health conſiſts in filling the ſtomach and alimentary canal, at each aperture, with fluids in the greateſt profuſion; and then producing a briſk evacuation by emetics and cathartics; by which means, theſe diligent ſcavengers never fail to render this principal ſtreet, in the city of man, as clean from all impurities, as a ſoldier can the barrel of his muſket, or a ſcullion her pans and porridge-pots, by the aſſiſtance of mops, or diſh-clouts, or any utenſil whatſoever. This gives them a peculiar right to the title of methodics; for whatever ſpecious appearance the diſeaſe may aſſume, like good Dr. Sangrado's grand catholicon, by the above plan, the happy ſufferer ſoon obtains reſt from his labours. This tenet of theirs

hath met with much oppoſition, but we imagine it to have been the offspring of ignorance and prejudice; for if we conſider that one half of our daily aliment, at an average, conſiſts of ſolid food, then compute the immenſe evaporation and excretion of various fluids, from the ſeveral emunctories, in the ſpace of a ſingle day, we ſhould be glad to know, if this truth be not manifeſtly eſtabliſhed. (The diminutive evacuation of fæces deſerves not to be mentioned.) Beſides, our modern chemiſts have diſcovered, that the pureſt water itſelf leaves a copious reſiduum of earth. Doubtleſs then, when this is maturely conſidered, no one will heſitate to acknowledge the juſtice of this plan of cure, and even laud the enthuſiaſm of a certain profeſſional character, in the Hotel Dieu, who was juſt upon the point of purging a dead patient, till diſſuaded by his attendant from ſo uncommon a meaſure. We have often, at our leiſure hours, thought upon a cheap ſubſtitute, which might be equally uſeful in each form of diſeaſe; and that ſubſtitute is fire. Should a ſtricture ever happen to prevail, from its known quality in expanding all bodies, how eaſily, we may naturally conjecture, would it here produce a beneficial effect. And when the oppoſite cauſe prevails, we aſk, if from evaporation we might not cheriſh the moſt ſanguine hopes of ſucceſs? We are fully perſuaded of this, from its analogous effect upon a bar of iron, and a log of wood.

Thirdly. The empirics we ſcarce need mention, as they are ſufficiently known to the moſt indolent obſerver. They are the moſt

honour-

honourable members of the faculty, as they generally attain the moſt exalted ſtation, ſoaring above their fellows at leaſt ſix or twelve feet, but ſometimes double or triple the diſtance, by the aſſiſtance of a curious ſuſpenſory bandage, which a ſurgeon in the vicinity of Newgate hath long ſince obtained a patent for making. They have among them men of the greateſt ſagacity and penetration: nay, we have had ocular demonſtration of their diſcovering parts of the human frame by mere inſtinct, which eſcaped the perception of the moſt minute anatomiſt, even by the aſſiſtance of a microſcope; alſo of their pointing out the ſeat of diſorders, which had eluded all the attempts of their brethren, by only inſpecting the urinary ſecretion, with as much facility as a hog ſcents acorns. Theſe gentlemen, by a peculiar formation of their organs, ſeem to have been formed for the profeſſion by nature; whereas, among their learned opponents, it is purely an acquiſition of art.—The great Dr. Graham is a member of this ſect; but however well his happy ingenuity may have operated to the benefit of his countrymen in other reſpects, we never could conceive what utility he could poſſibly hope for from his earth baths; till ſome time ago, finding, in a certain author, an opinion of diſeaſe being produced by Nature's being thruſt from her ſeat, whom the faculty attempted to replace by puſhing at the anterior ſuperior, and poſterior inferior orifices of the body, we conjectured, that perhaps ſhe might have become more volatile and capricious; therefore, the ſagacious Doctor was reſolved, by the cloſeſt impriſonment, to confine her in

her diſordered citadel, till other neceſſary aſſiſtance could be adminiſtered.

Fourthly. It is obſerved, that, in the progreſs of civilization, every art and ſcience becomes ſubdivided into a numerous train of ſeparate departments, and every operator has his diſtinct portion to perform, that his ingenuity being confined within a ſmaller circle, by his induſtry, it may the ſooner arrive at perfection. Medicine, we are happy to find, is not dilatory in following ſo excellent an example. We have the * phyſician, the ſurgeon, the apothecary, and the man-midwife. Here we ſhall remark a curious circumſtance. The phyſician, from whatever origin he may deduce his claim, hath aſſumed a ſtrange ſuperiority over his brethren, who frequently, in practice, unite the four characters above mentioned in one; which time having rendered venerable and ſacred, his whole office conſiſts in tranſmitting to his inferiors certain written orders, vulgarly called preſcriptions, which are depoſited upon their ſhelves, with as much ſolemnity as though they were the annals of empire, which indeed, in a great meaſure, they are. Strange, that ſo much arrogance ſhould poſſeſs the human mind! that an individual, whoſe knowledge is confined to a ſingle department, ſhould, like the proud frog, not only imagine himſelf equal, but ſuperior, to the tremendous ox, who contains in himſelf the whole round of ſcience, unimpaired, and undivided!

* By this appellation, in our poem, we wiſh to include the Faculty in general.

Fifthly,

Fifthly. We are told that "Man is born to trouble, as the ſparks "fly upwards." The author, no doubt, had great reaſon to make this exclamation, his affliction being very ſevere; and, as we read not of any member of the faculty being applied to to adminiſter the balm of Gilead, we think it is a ſufficient reaſon for concluding there were none in exiſtence in thoſe days. But now, for the welfare of ſociety, *tempora mutantur*. Who can repreſs his admiration, to behold mankind, through every ſtage of life, under the immediate protection of theſe tutelar ſaints, from infancy to childhood, from childhood to hoary hairs?

O may the happy ſeaſon haſten (and we preſume, from their unnumbered multitude, that it is not far off), when the citizen cannot turn the corner of a ſtreet without bruſhing his coat againſt the powdered perriwig of a diſciple of Pean! when a grain of perſpirable matter cannot exhale from the pores, nor the pairing of a nail fall to the ground, without their immediate attention and aſſiſtance!

Hujus in adventum jam nunc et Caſpia regna
Reſponſis horrent Divum, et Mæotia tellus,
Et ſeptemgemini turbant trepida oſtia Nili.

Many of our friends have been very importunate with us to pen a Dedication to ſome illuſtrious perſonage: we would willingly gratify their deſires, but, unfortunately, there is no one to whom we have the honour to be known, much more whom we have the aſſurance to addreſs in public: however, as the bare form may probably ſatisfy them, we ſhall attempt the performance of this arduous taſk in the beſt manner we are able.

DEDICATION.

MY LORD,

TO attempt a delineation of your Lordſhip's generoſity, your candour, your genius, your judgment, your learning, in ſhort, of every amiable quality which ennobles your pure and exalted mind, would only expoſe the poverty of language and the imperfection of human genius. When to theſe we combine your ineffable modeſty, the higheſt praiſe is preſumption, and the groſſeſt adulation ineffectual. You, my Lord, ever ſince that memorable hour, when the ſagacious Obſtetrix introduced his pupil to the venerable aſſembly of ſcientific females, have regarded me with that tenderneſs and reſpect for which life itſelf would be a poor recompenſe. To your care, my Lord, it is owing, that the bloſſoms of genius have been enabled to produce fruit. To you, who, like a diligent huſbandman, dunged and cultivated the barren ſoil with rich manure, the crop returns in full maturity, like the ſtream into its parent ocean. This, my Lord, the cenſorious world may perhaps think the effuſion of flattery; but my heart bears witneſs, that I preſume not to offer what you

 would

would ſpurn with contempt when you ſaw the ſacred name of truth profaned. Permit me, therefore, as an infinitely ſmall token of gratitude, to depoſit beneath your footſtool this production of my leiſure hours. But will your Lordſhip indeed deſiſt a ſingle moment from turning round the cumbrous wheel of empire, to regard the reptile which crawls at your feet? I know your wonted condeſcenſion, and am,

With the greateſt humility,

Your Lordship's

Moſt humble and devoted Servant,

JULIUS.

THE

BRUNONIAD.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF NESTOR, AND THE RISE OF BRUNO.

ARGUMENT.

THE Exordium—Invocation, and Panegyric on the great City—from the various Branches of Science, the Poem proceedeth to Medicine, and ſlideth into the midſt of Things—deſcribeth Neſtor exalted into the Regions of Theory, and then groping in the Field of Practice—his Trepidation at the Sound of evil Tidings—then, with Rapidity, the Muſe ſingeth the Generation, Conception, and Birth of Bruno.

The Time is uncertain—the Scene lieth firſt at Neſtor's Houſe—then changeth to the Bedſide of Bruno—and from thence evaporateth the Lord knows where.

THE

BRUNONIAD.

CANTO I.

I SING the man, who, long in ſtrife embroil'd,
In Pean's ſchool with noble ardour toil'd,
While ſtern Profeſſors roſe, in luckleſs hour,
To blaſt his efforts, and ſubdue his power.
In vain! The hero, with ſucceſs elate,
Still ſoar'd ſuperior to the ſtorms of Fate.
Fair Science crown'd him with her wreath divine,
And roſy Bacchus wav'd his pregnant vine.
Hence, when weak patients ſhook with horrid fear,
Condemn'd to bliſters, gruel, and deſpair,
His outſtretch'd arm could ebbing life ſupport,
By powerful whiſky, and enlivening port.
But now his loſs the languid train deplore,
The jolly God his triumphs boaſts no more;
His hero bows to Fate's relentleſs doom,
And ſleeps, unconſcious, in the ſilent tomb.

Parnaſſian Muſe, thy pure ethereal fire
Impart, and all my glowing breaſt inſpire.
And thou, great God, to whom all arts belong,
Patron alike of phyſic and of ſong;
Whoſe conſtant beams, with undiminiſh'd flame,
In heaven's wide arch for ever ſhine the ſame;
Say, what fell demon could their arms engage,
When grave phyſicians burn'd with ruthleſs rage?
Friend to my ſoul, whoſe ardour, ſtill the ſame,
No care can vanquiſh, and no abſence tame;
To whom my willing Muſe, with fond deſire,
Breath'd the pure incenſe of her virgin lyre;
Ah! let her yet thy welcome aid obtain,
To nerve her pinions for a nobler ſtrain.
Behold, my Garnett, whilſt the trumpet's jar
Gives ruthleſs nations to the rage of war,
'Mongſt Pean's ſons, the ſtream of Diſcord flow,
And ſtrong Contention make the mighty bow!
O come, and with thee bring, in ſolemn ſtate,
The breaſt unruffled, and the brow ſedate;
Nor, careleſs, mine a vulgar taſk eſteem,
For grave the numbers, and auguſt the theme.
Not far from where impending *Arthur ſhrouds
His hoary ſummit in the rolling clouds;
Where high the cliffs of barren Sailſbury riſe,
Edina's towers ſalute the ambient ſkies;
Here Scotia's maidens, from their windows, pour
The fragrant incenſe of the teeming ſhower;

* *Arthur, &c.*] Arthur's Seat, a high mountain near Edinburgh.

While

While the poor ſtranger, all deſponding, ſhows
The gold refulgent on his ſpatter'd clothes;
Dreads, from above, the fierce deſcending foe,
And ſplaſhing fords th' obſtructing mire below:
Here, from afar, he hears, with hollow roar,
The groaning ocean laſh the ſounding ſhore;
While, with loud howl, tempeſtuous Boreas blows,
Shakes the tall roof, and ſweeps the frozen ſnows.

Near to that * dome where Miſery vents her prayer,
And Pean's glorious ſons at twelve repair;
Where life's laſt ſparks are ſuffer'd to decay,
And legs and arms remorſeleſs lopt away,
In ſolemn pomp a ſpacious † ſquare appears
Sable with ſmoke of ſlow revolving years;
On every ſide majeſtic ſtructures riſe,
And brave the fury of inclement ſkies;
While a ſhrill bell, amid the lonely tower,
With frequent ſound, proclaims the paſſing hour.

For ages here hath blooming Science ſhone,
And call'd her crowding pupils round her throne;
Philoſophy, with high erected ſtare,
Enraptur'd ſcans the deſert depth of air;
Divinity, in ſober garb array'd,
Harangues her ſons amid the ſecret ſhade:
And pompous Phyſic, rob'd in lengthen'd pall,
With notes ſonorous fills the echoing hall;
With wild invention crowds her fertile brain,
Anxious for fame, and covetous of gain.

* The Royal Infirmary. † The Univerſity.

Her

Her ſtrange chimeras ſacred Truth believes,
Till future time her children undeceives.
Here ſtill ſhe rules the willing land in peace,
Stranger to health, and enemy to eaſe;
Hence, with due ſtate, ſhe iſſues forth her laws,
While thouſand pupils murmur loud applauſe:
Hence comes whate'er the preſs tumultuous pours,
Whole loads of ſyſtems, facts in copious ſhowers,
Romantic theories, which no laws can bind,
While loitering Practice lingers far behind;
The ſtrange conceits of many a crazy wit,
Myſterious rules which never anſwer'd yet.
Hence, o'er the land, in reams ſucceeding reams,
Sage Neſtor's * ſpaſm, and † Galen's waking dreams;
‡ Neſtor, who now that ſable garment wore,
Which many a grave profeſſor deckt of yore,
White as the milky dove, or Boreal ſnows,
His ample wig around his ſhoulders flows,
And ſeventy rolling years in vain control
The flights eccentric of his daring ſoul.
From noiſe ſecluded, in his airy cell,
Where proud Philoſophy delights to dwell,
Still, as in youth, intent on bold deſigns,
Line into line, and page to page he joins;
In painful ſtudy yet exhauſts his ſkill
To form a bolus, and to mould a pill;
While full diſplay'd before his raptur'd eyes,
A glittering train of bright ideas riſe:

* Firſt Lines of the Practice of Phyſic. † Clinical Experiments. ‡ Dr. C—l—n.

He

He ſees how ſpaſm the tortur'd frame aſſails,
Alike when Tone * or Atony * prevails;
How fierce when high the purple currents flow,
And how much fiercer when as much too low.
Patient of toil, his labouring hands reſtore
Whate'er Germanic Hoffman taught before;
† Immortal ſage! in whoſe ſtupendous plan
Shines forth a vital principle in man.
Aſk what deſtroys the ſtudent's roſeate bloom
When frowning Fate proclaims the ‡ day of doom?
'Tis ſpaſm, 'tis ſpaſm, th' exulting hero cries,
And rolls in majeſty his awful eyes.
§ When baleful Febris, with unhallow'd breath,
Breathes on the panting wretch the blaſt of death,

Aſk

* Vigour or debility.

† *Immortal ſage*, &c.]—Before Dr Hoffman, a humoral pathology made great part of every medical ſyſtem; conſidering the human body as compoſed of different elements, earth, water, &c.—So that this profeſſor ſeems to have been the firſt who conſidered the body, as endued with a vital principle.

‡ Day of examination for degrees.

§ *When baleful Febris*, &c.]—" The face and extremities become pale; the features " ſhrink; the bulk of every external part is diminiſhed." FIRST LINES.

" Upon the whole, our doctrine of fever is explicitly this. The remote cauſes are cer- " tain ſedative powers applied to the nervous ſyſtem, which diminiſhing the energy of " the brain, thereby produce a debility in the whole of the functions, and particularly " in the action of the extreme veſſels. Such, however, is, at the ſame time, the nature of " the animal œconomy, that this debility proves an indirect ſtimulus to the ſanguiferous " ſyſtem; whence by the intervention of the cold ſtage, and ſpaſm connected with it, the " action of the heart and larger arteries is increaſed, and continues ſo till it has the effect " of reſtoring the energy of the brain, and extending this energy to the extreme veſſels, " of reſtoring therefore their action, and thereby eſpecially overcoming the ſpaſm affect-

 " ing

Aſk what ſad cauſe contracts his aſpect wan,
And ſhrinks his ſubſtance into half a man,
Till from each pore the ſweat break out amain,
Speak the cauſe gone, although th' effect remain?
'Tis ſpaſm, 'tis ſpaſm, th' exulting hero cries,
And rolls in majeſty his awful eyes.
Next he beholds the vital current ſtream
Through each ſoft viſcus, every tender limb;
Sagely concludes, when in full tides it flows
Impetuous, from the ſtomach, lungs, and noſe,
That as when rivers float the ſpacious plains,
Swell'd by the torrent of deſcending rains,
Search out new channels and new paths require,
To bid their roarings ceaſe, their waves retire;
So in the vein he ſtrikes a gaſh profound,
And calms the flood, by opening wide the wound.
Again the ſage perceives with ſearching eyes,
Through every nerve, how quick ſenſation flies,
How, by this medium, Alma Mater feels
When ſummer burns, and freezing winter chills;
* Sees the ſoft brain collaps'd and ſwell'd by turns,
When frantick mania roars, or melancholy mourns.
And now, the cauſe explor'd, elate with joy,
The various cures his matchleſs mind employ.

" ing them; upon the removing of which the excretion of ſweat, and other marks of re-
" laxation of excretories, take place." FIRST LINES.

* *See the ſoft brain*, &c.]—" When the ſtate of the brain is any way preternaturally in-
" creaſed, I give it the name of excitement: to that ſtate in which the mobility and force
" are not ſufficient for the ordinary exerciſe of the functions, &c. I give the name of col-
" lapſe."—— FIRST LINES.

Say

Say what's the plan when patients weak and poor
Nauſeate and vomit? Yet to weaken more.
* When the pure ſtream, by ruſhing torrents fed,
Flows copious from the labouring boſom? Bleed.
If the dread foe uninjur'd ſtill remain,
What next ſhall quell the deluge? Bleed again.
Furious and wild, when mad Oreſtes raves?
Haſte, haſte and plunge him in the world of waves;
Prompt on his ſcalp the pungent blifter lay,
† Or crown his temples with their native clay.
What general rules ſhall fleeting life preſerve?
Vomit, and purge, and bleed, and ſweat, and ſtarve.
What ſcenes, O Neſtor, bleſt thy ſight that day,
When finiſh'd at thy feet the volumes lay!
What floods of gruel gratified thy ſoul!
What heaps of blifters ſwarm'd from pole to pole!
What hoſts of night-caps then beſieg'd thy door!
What crowds of lancets drank of human gore!
While thy rapt eyes beheld, in trance divine,
Ten thouſand thouſand ſuppliants at thy ſhrine.
Eaſed from his toil, the learned ſage awhile
Baſk'd in the beams of Fortune's tempting ſmile;
High on his table ſmok'd the mighty chine,
And his glaſs ſparkled with the roſy wine.

* *When the pure ſtream*, &c.]—In ſpeaking of ſpitting of blood, "this is to be induſtri-"ouſly taken off by blood-letting, in greater or ſmaller quantity," &c. FIRST LINES.

† *Or crown his temples*, &c.]—"The application of the noted clay-cap." This is propoſed as a remedy in mania.

He ſaw opinion, with ungovern'd ſway,
From brain to brain impetuous work its way.
Each phantom of his viſionary head,
From hall to hall, with quick progreſſion ſpread,
Proof 'gainſt all rage, and firm 'gainſt all defence,
Thrill'd on each nerve, and gain'd on every ſenſe,
That Theory's ſelf all hail'd the genial hour;
Profeſſors ſlept, and ſtudents thought no more.
But while his thoughts on future glories rove,
Swift came the fatal hour ordain'd by Jove:
Fame, while ſerene he ſhar'd the ſweet repaſt,
From trump tremendous blew a hideous blaſt,
Nunciate of Bruno: at the dreadful ſound
Old Rekey's courts rebellow'd all around,
And Glaſgow trembled at the guſt profound.
* As great Alcides, crown'd with hoſtile ſpoil,
(When graz'd his herds Heſperia's fertile ſoil)
With ſtarting horror ſaw, expos'd to day,
The yawning den where fiery Cacus lay;
† As ſtood Domitius with erected hair,
When the prophetic ox bawl'd "Rome beware;"
So, chill'd with terror, phyſic's lord appear'd,
Shrunk from the blaſt, and trembled as he heard;
Wedg'd in his throat the half-chew'd morſel ſtood,
And o'er his robe the gliding gravy flow'd;

* See Virgil, lib. viii.
† Bello etiam Punico ſecundo conſtitit Cn. Domitio bovem dixiſſe, cave tibi Roma.
VALER. MAXIM.

Pallid

Pallid as death, the hero breathes no more,
And, thundering, falls extended on the floor.
Quick to his aid th' officious ſervants fly,
And to his noſe the pungent ſalts apply;
One plung'd his feet within the tepid wave,
The taſteful cordial while another gave;
A third more ſkill'd the circling fillet bound,
And in the vein infix'd a dext'rous wound.
Rous'd at the ſmarting ſtroke, his head he rears,
Unfolds his orbs, and wild around him ſtares.
Omniſcient Muſes! ye whoſe ſouls ſublime
Pierce the long records of revolving time!
When empires fall, when haughty monarchs bow,
When criſes happen, when the pulſe beats low;
Relate your hero's birth, what ſigns appear'd,
The matron's call when chaſte Lucina heard;
With ready eye the glorious ſeaſon ſcan,
And bring ab ovo the illuſtrious man:
For vain to ſuch attempt, a mortal tongue,
Or lungs, as thouſand pealing mortars ſtrong.
Far where the boreal world repels the main,
And Scotia's ſhepherd tends his fleecy train;
Remote from crowds, recluſe from noiſy care,
Connubial pleaſures bleſt an aged pair:
Long had they wiſh'd, but wiſh'd as long in vain,
For labours paſt ſome kind reward to gain:
Grim Fate, relentleſs, ſcorn'd the earneſt prayer,
And toſt the finer particles in air;
Till potent opium's all diffuſive charm,
Fraught with full power, with glowing rapture warm,

From every cell the rushing fluid shed,
And lodg'd the atoms in th' enlivening bed.
Then nightly Fancy, at th' accustom'd hour,
Saw o'er the couch terrific visions lower;
High from its source some branching pine up grew,
Some fiery meteor struck th' affrighted view,
Some strange production of no mortal make,
Some hydra fierce, some Esculapian snake;
While the rude boy, impatient for the day,
In his dark dome, a restless captive lay,
Oft from his parent drew the plaintive squeal,
And kick'd his cavern with indignant heel;
Till the ninth welcome moon reveal'd, serene,
The eve predestin'd for the mighty scene.
He comes! he comes! the fuming caudle bear,
The wine, the sugar, nor the nutmeg spare;
He comes!—Far hence be instruments profane,
The death of mortals, and the source of pain:
Hence take the * forceps, whose inhuman claw
Strikes the meek virgin with religious awe;
Hence the curst * crotchet, whose tremendous pull
Tears up the deep recesses of the scull:
Some hand, benignant, calm the desp'rate fray,
And lead the wand'rer on his mystick way.
'Tis done! 'tis done! the welcome sound I hear,
The infant accents strike th' astonish'd ear!
Hark! to his notes the tottering mansion shakes!
Lo! at his voice th' astonish'd matron quakes.

* Obstetrical instruments.

While

While her ſage tongue foretels his wondrous doom,
And talks prophetic of the years to come!
Cloſe by the bed the great obſtetrix ſtood,
Fixt like a ſtaring ſtatue made of wood;
Stupid with deep amaze; a rueful wight,
In apron black, and bed-gown fair bedight:
Trembled thoſe hands renown'd for bloody war,
When midnight groans requir'd their helpful care;
Shook that wiſe head where ſecret knowledge lay,
In heaps of noſtrums, which abhorr'd the day;
Mute that loud tongue which ne'er was mute before,
And e'en the glittering guinea pleas'd no more.
Calm 'midſt the ſcene the peaceful parent ſmil'd,
And preſt within her arms the luſty child;
He as the months on eaſy footſteps flew,
Large and more large in bulk and ſtature grew:
No feeble pap fond Nature's wants ſupplied,
No ſluggiſh milk the vigorous ſtomach cloyed;
But pure Geneva fed the vital flame,
And bold evolv'd the unexampled frame.
Nor let the men whoſe lives from year to year
Are one dull courſe of gruel and ſmall beer,
With haughty ſcorn the lib'ral plan ſurvey,
Or turn contemptuous from this upright way.
To them in vain all-bounteous Nature gave
The ſpark æthereal, generous, great, and brave:
Ne'er did the goblet, crown'd with purple wine,
Their breaſts exalt to ecſtaſy divine;
In languid ſilence life rolls ſlowly on,
Joy never felt, and ſorrow ſcarcely known,

Till

Till drowſy Apathy, with aſpect wan,
Waves her pale wand, and vegetates the man.
Hail, parent Bacchus! whoſe inſpiring juice
Can nobler views, ſublimer thoughts infuſe;
'Tis thine alone t' evolve the ſilken chain,
* Where life half viewleſs holds her weak domain;
Where the dim ſpeck its little orb diſplays,
'Tis thine the pure enlivening flame to raiſe:
'Tis thine, when youth rolls round his rapid ſtreams,
To ſwell the muſcles, and expand the limbs,
While Age himſelf, from pain and ſickneſs free,
Lolls in his eaſy chair and praiſes thee.
'Twas hence, great Bruno, thy untutor'd mind
Left the dull load of matter far behind;
Led to inebriate at the roſy ſpring,
Thy dauntleſs genius ſtretch'd its ample wing.
Hence, like the well-hoop'd caſk, a gulph profound!
Thy bold abdomen ſwells a ſpacious round:
Hence, ſure expulſion of all vexing care,
The large carbuncle gilds thy forehead fair:
Hence through thy veins th' exalted mixture flows,
And hence the crimſon honours of thy noſe.
What daring bard ſhall ſing in equal lays
The boundleſs triumphs of thy riper days?
Didſt thou not range well pleas'd the calm retreat,
And baſk ſecure at Pean's awful feet?
Whence thy great mind all various knowledge drew,
That e'er the Coan ſage or Galen knew;

* Alluding to the embryo, which for ſome time is almoſt inviſible, and appears like a ſmall ſpeck.

Rov'd

Rov'd thro' the tangling wilderneſs with care,
* Where moiſt and dry held everlaſting war.
Then face to face beheld abhorr'd diſeaſe,
Ere yet thy guilty pocket clink'd with fees;
Till the ſage Doctor, o'er thy patient head
From the full urn, the oil of gladneſs ſhed,
And ſent thee forth, from college-duty free,
Crown'd with the gorgeous title of M. D.
'Twas then thy hand far happier views diſplay'd;
'Twas then thy feet thro' ſcenes eccentric ſtray'd.
Tir'd of the tedious toil, thine eyes no more
From ſhelf to ſhelf o'er duſty volumes pore:
Behold! unſheath'd the dreadful pen appears,
To blot the labours of two thouſand years.
Each virgin page the flood of ink invades,
And o'er the quire ſpreads thick its deep'ning ſhades.
† Lo! father Stimulus, with conſcious pride,
Leads briſk Excitement ſmiling by his ſide;
Swift as the meteor of a ſummer's ſky,
From land to land, from ſhore to ſhore they fly.
The welcome ſound each hungry patient hears,
And from his head the ſordid night-cap tears;

* Alluding to their ſyſtems of medicine, where the four elements, fire, air, earth, and water, were conſidered as conſtituting the elementary particles of the body, with their qualities, hot, cold, moiſt, and dry.

† Dr. Brown gives the denomination of excitability to that principle which diſtinguiſhes living from dead matter; food taken into the ſtomach, air, and other things acting thereupon, he ſtyles exciting or ſtimulant powers; their effect in producing paſſion, emotion, &c. he calls excitement. "Proprietas per quam agunt, incitabilitas dicenda; ipſæ "poteſtates incitantes nominandæ.—Poteſtatum incitantium in incitabilitatem agentium, "effectus incitatio nuncupandus." Vide Elementa Medicinæ.

Unbinds the fillet from the turgid vein,
And life rekindling lights the eyes again.
With angry orbs incens'd profeſſors glare,
And frown indignant on th' unwelcome pair.
As o'er ſome ſavoury bone, with prick'd-up ears,
When ſwarm the yelping multitude of curs;
Each ſtriving in the ſweet repaſt to ſhare,
With wide-ſtretch'd jaws, they pull, they tug, they tear;
If chance ſome maſtiff ſnuff the ſcented gale,
And paſs the brethren of the buſhy tail;
Firm they the offal graſp, ſome loudly howl,
Some grin, ſome ſnarl, ſome bark, ſome ſwear, ſome growl;
The lordly beaſt, regardleſs of the fray,
Bold and majeſtic ſtalks his deſtin'd way.

THE

BRUNONIAD.

THE GENERAL COUNCIL.

ARGUMENT.

NESTOR is ſorely troubled with the Cardialgia—leapeth out of Bed at an unſeaſonable Hour, and ſummoneth his Aſſociates to Council—the Catalogue of the Heroes—their Debate, wherein Stentor rageth vehemently, and terrifieth the Senate with the Blaze of Arms.

The Time from four till ten o'Clock in the Morning—The Scene chiefly in the Synagogue.

THE

BRUNONIAD.

CANTO II.

ON that glad morn, when ruin'd man to ſave
His riſing Saviour left the gloomy grave;
Whilſt ſable Darkneſs held her general reign
O'er the damp earth and o'er the ſlumbering main;
At that dull hour when Leſbia, charming dame!
With empty pockets quits th' unlucky game;
Bold Neſtor lay, with anxious cares oppreſt,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forſook his breaſt;
Watchful he toſs'd, all ſilent and alone;
And the ſtrain'd bedſtead echo'd groan for groan.
Anon light ſlumbers gave a ſhort repoſe,
Then o'er his ſoul tumultuous viſions roſe;
Frantick with rage he ſees, with wild alarm,
Vindictive Bruno raiſe his horrid arm;
Each doughty champion flies with one accord,
And ſuppliant Phyſic owns her potent lord.

He wakes—and next the ſcreaming owl he hears
With hideous accent greet his frighten'd ears.
Stunn'd with the ſound, his bitter fate he wails,
And raves, and ſwears, and gnaws his bloody nails.
Juſt as ſome patient on his mournful bed,
Scour'd by cathartics, and on water fed,
When wild Delirium, with tempeſtuous hand,
O'er Reaſon's empty palace holds command;
Loudly he roars, and, with reſiſtleſs ſway,
Like lightning hurls his gallipots away;
Till his bound hands and ſhaven pate declare,
With Pean's luſty ſons how vain the war.
Thus Neſtor ſtorm'd; then, with a furious bound,
Forth from his couch he ſtarted on the ground;
Rob'd in a moment, with his project big,
He mov'd with vaſt magnificence of wig;
And, all regardleſs of the ſacred day,
Quick to his comrades took his ready way.
His ſolemn voice requir'd, with ſpeedy care,
Each to the hall immediate to repair.
They know what pangs the hero's peace deſtroy,
And his loud call obey with friendly joy.
This taſk diſcharg'd, he next prepares to go
Where the huge * bridge o'erhangs the vale below,
What time the waning moon, with trembling beam,
O'er † Calton's ſummit caſt a fainter gleam.
Thro' ſpacious ‡ ſtreets he next his way purſues,
Wet with the wint'ry morn's ſurrounding dews;

* The north bridge at Edinburgh. † A mountain near ditto. ‡ The new town.

Nor

Nor ſtopt till near that noble fane he came,
Whoſe ſacred walls bear * Andrew's hallow'd name:
Here ſtands a † fabrick, built of maſſy ſtone,
And ſage phyſicians claim it for their own.
High in the dome great Pean takes his ſeat,
And Python bleeds for ever at his feet.
Here, with due pomp, are wiſe diſcoveries read,
And caſes given of thouſand patients dead.
Vers'd in the art, each worthy member draws
Crowds of effects from ev'ry ſingle cauſe.
Each here his windy elocution ſhowers,
On jalap's rage, and opium's numerous powers.
Athirſt for fame, here rare Invention teems
With novel plans and innovating ſchemes;
Above the reſt while each pretender brags
Of oils and balſams, gliſter-pipes and bags.
Here Neſtor enters, takes the chair of ſtate,
And waits with anxious breaſt the bold debate:
Nodded his hoary head with palſied age,
His eye-balls flaſh'd with unextinguiſh'd rage:
And perch'd above, within the lofty room,
Stern Diſcontent diſplay'd her harpy plume.
While thus oppreſt with rage, and grief, and fear,
Th' unfolding doors proclaim th' aſſociates near.
Say, Muſe, who firſt, who laſt with tranſport ran,
Who fill'd the rear, who ſparkled in the van.
Great ‡ Stentor enter'd firſt, with rolling eyes,
And full fed paunch of round capacious ſize.

* St. Andrew's church. † The college of phyſicians. ‡ Dr. M—n—o.

Grimly

Grimly he ſmil'd, as born for mighty ſway,
As on his arm the weight of empire lay.
Well was he ſkill'd his burniſh'd arms to wield,
And ſpread with mangled limbs the bloody field,
When loathſome Gangrene all her force had ſhown,
Or Caries ſlow conſum'd the blacken'd bone.
Each dark arcanum he could well explain,
Of muſcle, membrane, cartilage, and vein.
Oft 'neath his hand the ſuppliant victim bled,
And oft his knife had gaſh'd th' unconſcious dead.
He knew where'er the purple current ſtray'd,
Where heart and liver, lungs and ſtomach laid.
His ſearching eye the ſecret mode divin'd,
How each dull brute can propagate its kind;
Knew how ideas fill the paſſive brain,
In diff'rent minds why diff'rent paſſions reign;
Why no complaints could modeſt Daphne move,
While ſad Eliza burn'd with hopeleſs love.
With pond'rous ſtaff, next * Paracelſus came,
In chemic arts who boaſts unequall'd fame.
His modeſt aſpect caſt upon the ground,
Inſtant he paſt, as fixt in thought profound.
Diſputes he ſhunn'd, nor car'd for noiſy fame;
And peace for ever was his darling aim.
None better knew to raiſe the glowing fire,
And bid the pungent volatiles aſpire.
Sound his opinion, and his judgment rare,
Of ſalts and earths, of ſulphur and of air.

* Dr. B—l—k.

Calm in the hall he took his peaceful ſeat,
In philoſophic lore not Bruno's ſelf more great.
Tall as the Highland fir; with thund'ring ſtride
Which ſhook the port, and echo'd far and wide,
* Machaon enter'd: o'er his learned head
Few ſcatter'd hairs in rude diſorder ſpread,
By ſtudy thinn'd; all ornament he ſcorn'd,
Nor with broad wig his naked ſcalp adorn'd.
In theory's mazy paths his mighty mind
Excell'd, and left his fellows far behind.
In practice great, his quick unerring hand
Sent many a wretch to Pluto's dreary ſtrand.
Say, pale Edina, ſay, for thou canſt tell,
Beneath his arm what mighty numbers fell?
Prim as the ſtately virgin of threeſcore,
In long red cloak, with hands acroſs before,
Auld Galen † came, at whoſe tremendous ſtare
Health ſtood aghaſt, a picture of deſpair.
In ancient paths, with cautious ſtep, he ſtrays,
And mourns the ſtate of theſe degenerate days.
He, when exhauſted art has drain'd each vein,
With ſage command can bleed and bleed again.
Cull'd with inceſſant care, his ſhelves are fill'd
With all the various phyſic of the field;
Gums, roots, and leaves, his conſtant thoughts employ;
Plaiſters and unguents are his only joy.
Plac'd in his eaſy chair, he daily cants
Of tonics, cardiacs, and refrigerants;

* Dr. Gr—g—y. † Dr. H—m—e.

And

And lordly boaſts their vaſt effects to ſhow,
Which none e'er knew, or ever wiſh'd to know.
Laſt of the chiefs, along the hall there came,
In ſilent pomp, a noble child of Fame.
He Doctor call'd, by thoſe of heavenly birth;
*But known by †Andreas 'mongſt the ſons of earth.
His plenteous ink flows forth in ſable ſtreams,
And his brain labours with extenſive themes.
From year to year whate'er the harveſt yields,
What facts afford, or maudlin fancy builds,
Squeez'd by his efforts into pigmy room,
Salutes the public in a ſingle ‡ tome.
Theſe men of might came poſting all along;
Follow'd behind a bold tumultuous throng,
In ſilence doom'd to periſh and to fade,
O'er whom Oblivion threw her deepeſt ſhade.
Couch'd in the graſs, as when the timid hare
Hears the loud hounds come baying from afar,
Thro' the ſtill breeze attends the diſtant cry,
And o'er the meadows turns her rolling eye:
So ſtill, ſo mute, the reverend ſenate ſat,
When Neſtor roſe from off the chair of ſtate;
Pois'd in his hands four large § octavos hung;
And thus he pour'd the thunder of his tongue.
" Careful and anxious for the public weal,
" I ſpeak what grief forbids me to conceal;

**But known by Andreas*, &c.]——Hiſtory informs us of certain phyſicians of this name, from whom our hero is doubtleſs a lineal deſcendant.

† Dr. D—nc—n. ‡ Medical Commentaries. § Firſt Lines, &c.

" Full

" Full well ye know impending ruin threats
" Our laws, our cuſtoms, and our ancient ſeats,
" Since, ſwell'd with rage, and big with mighty fame,
" Our vaunting foe exalts aloft his name.
" Lo! to his door what trooping ſtudents crowd,
" Bold in his cauſe, and in his praiſes loud!
" And now, e'en now, they ſtun with deaf'ning ſounds,
" And wine and whiſkey every tongue reſounds.
" Ah! let us haſte, ere Spaſm, with languid head,
" Beholds Excitement ſeated in its ſtead;
" Ere theſe beloved tomes, brought forth with pain,
" And drawn with trouble from my labouring brain,
" Puſh'd from the ſhelf, their good old cauſe give o'er,
" And Neſtor rule o'er Pean's ſons no more.
" How long, my friends, ſhall ſacred Juſtice ſtand,
" And hold the lifted lightning in her hand?
" Let wholeſome counſel guide the preſent hour:
" Riſe, ſpeak, reſolve, while time allows the power."
He ceas'd; and ſtraight reſum'd his chair again;
Then from his ſnuff-box drew the pungent grain.
Next from the crowd two meaner members riſe,
Eager to ſpeak, and anxious to adviſe:
But Stentor rear'd aloft his awful head;
They knew their rightful lord, and ſwift obey'd.
Sternly he roll'd his glowing eyes around,
Then from his lips broke forth a roaring ſound,
Loud as the voice the godlike doctor ſends,
When he from high his ſovereign noſtrums vends;
While frolic Andrew trips with ſly grimace,
Unloads the box, and ſounds his maſter's praiſe.

" Let others ſhrink with terror, what care I,
" Who heaven and earth, and Bruno's ſelf defy!
" Can he, alas! with plain, though ſpecious tale,
" O'er Phyſic's laws and Phyſic's ſons prevail?
" What, if in arguing he exert his powers,
" Till pliant Rhetoric ſhall exhauſt her ſtores?
" Say, cannot we proclaim his doctrines wrong,
" With louder voice, and more extent of tongue?
" What, if on Nature's laws he ceaſeleſs call,
" And Truth, ſome phantom of his crazy ſoul?
" Nature ſhall yield to arguments like mine;
" Her laws be bent to aid the great deſign.
" Should this be ſcorn'd, our potent arm aſſails,
" And force converts where elocution fails;
" Sufficient will our dauntleſs ſtrength be found,
" To hurl th' imperious boaſter to the ground.
" There let him prate of ſyſtems if he can,
" When Dura-Mater feels the fierce trepan,
" When the ſtern captive mourns the hideous flaw,
" And the ſkull ſmoaks beneath the whirling ſaw."
He ſat; and Paracelſus by his ſide,
Thrice ſtrove to ſpeak, and thrice his voice denied;
For at that hour, on ſome great work deſign'd,
Light burſt reſiſtleſs on his daring mind.
Machaon then: " If what my feeble voice
" Can dictate, yet may influence your choice,
" All war ſhall ceaſe, and Peace, with olive wand,
" Yet rule our councils, and yet ſway our land.
" Let all our friends, well-arm'd with cold diſdain,
" Aſſume new courage, and conceal their pain;

" Caſt

" Caſt on the foe a light contemptuous eye,
" And throw, unread, his noiſy volumes by:
" Let them all wrath and jealous anger wave,
" For fierce reſiſtance makes the coward brave.
" Then ſhall glad ſtudents venerate the ſchools,
" And learn to profit by their maſter's rules."
Vers'd in the language of his native land,
With ſpectacles on noſe, and aſpect bland;
" Yea," Galen cried, " I judge it right to dare
" (Unſtain'd with blood) alone the wordy war.
" Youth, friends, is apt to err, and prone to rage;
" Receive the good advice of ſober age:
" Let Arms repoſe, and ſtudious Art, meanwhile,
" Shall work him woe, by ſtratagem and guile.
" Know ye not what the godlike Grecian ſung;
' * That mortal life is ſhort, but art is long?'
" And deem not this advice th' effect of fear,
" That, loud for peace, I chooſe not open war.
" Age humbles all the bold, unnerves the ſtrong—
" O had ye ſeen this arm, when ſtout and young!
" How fierce it fought on Flandria's bloody ſhore,
" And than brave Galen none were honour'd more.
" The ſoldier's frame Herculean nought avail'd,
" And pills ſucceeded where the falchion fail'd.
" But here ſucceſs our boaſted art denies;
" The pill falls harmleſs, vain the potion lies:
" Who then, unaw'd, ſhould angry Fate command,
" The ruthleſs foe could combat hand to hand."
" Behold the man," undaunted Stentor cried,
" Whoſe courage oft in deeds of battle tried,

* Vita brevis, ars longa. Hippocrates' firſt Aphoriſm.

" Un-

" Unknown to coward Fear or pale Difmay,
" Boldly dares go where Fortune fhews the way.
" Gods! fhall great Pean's fons, a generous train,
" Of Chance, or Fate, or tott'ring Age complain?
" And now attend: by this dread blade I fwear,
" War fhall fucceed, war be our only care.
" Nor will I ceafe, till in his own domain,
" The fuppliant foe for mercy plead in vain;
" Till at my feet embowell'd Bruno lie,
" And from the land each curft adherent fly.
" This, my eftablifh'd will, let none gainfay,
" But wait expectant for the dreadful day,
" And I will point the path." He furious faid,
And from his fide unfheath'd a dreadful * blade,
Which at his aged grandfire's feftive board,
Inur'd to toil, had limbs and fhoulders gor'd.
This to his fon confign'd the careful fire,
When, fmooth'd and temper'd in the forming fire,
Its polifh'd edge perform'd the mafter's will,
When glad occafion call'd him forth to kill;
And now by Stentor's royal fide it gleams,
The dread of patients, and the death of limbs.
Brandifh'd aloft, it flourifh'd round his head,
And the mute fenate quak'd with mortal dread;
Till, potent to relume the vital flame,
Swift to their aid † Vis Medicatrix came.

She

* See the allufion, Homer's Iliad.

† "At all times, phyficians have obferved, that the animal œconomy has in itfelf a power "or condition, by which, in many inftances, it refifts the injuries which threaten it—which "they

She, when Diſeaſe has brought the ſuff'rer low,
With healing hand can bid new vigour glow.
Yet oft capricious, ſhe her aid denies,
And quits the doleful bed where Miſery lies;
While ſage phyſicians, when Fate points the hour,
Leave the expiring patient to her power.
Now ſtorming uproar ſhook the dome around,
And ſaints at Andrew's trembled at the ſound.
As, with expanded wings, portending rain,
The clam'rous geeſe ſkim o'er the level plain;
So theſe aloud their thund'ring voices tried,
And hoarſe Contention rung from ſide to ſide,
Till Neſtor, with a frown, commanded peace:
The tumult ſettles, and the clamours ceaſe.
" My mind, what methods dubious to purſue,
" Like the poiz'd balance, wavering to and fro,
" At length unto Machaon's voice inclines,
" In whoſe advice perſuaſive wiſdom ſhines."
Now from the empty hall they haſte away;
But murm'ring Stentor mourn'd the fatal day.
And as his leathern ears dull Balaam hangs,
When his tough hide the wooden cudgel bangs;
So, from the door, his gloomy ſteps he bent,
And pour'd inceſſant curſes as he went.

" they called Nature; and the language of a Vis Medicatrix, or Conſervatrix Naturæ, has " continued in the ſchools of medicine from the moſt ancient times to the preſent."

FIRST LINES, &c.

THE

BRUNONIAD.

THE REVEL OF BRUNO, AND THE DIVINATION OF STENTOR.

ARGUMENT.

THE Author's Elogy on the ſublime Art of Healing—his Retroſpect of the Days which are paſt—he deſcribeth the nocturnal Orgies of Bruno and his Diſciples—Sunriſe—Stentor alarmeth his Armour-bearer with an uncommon Spectacle—the Conſequence thereof—with Reflections of a ſerious Nature.

The Scene firſt at the Brethren's Tabernacle; then changeth to the Shambles and Chopping-block—The Time, a ſingle Night and Part of the Morning.

THE

BRUNONIAD.

CANTO III.

WHEN ſhall the leopard change his ſpotted ſkin?
Or the pure lotion waſh the Æthiop clean?
Ah! when ſhall age enjoy the bloom of youth?
Or when ſhall Phyſic ſtoop to reliſh truth?
How have her godlike ſons, with daring mind,
Fact unto fact, to ſyſtem ſyſtem join'd!
Thro' the long lapſe of each revolving age,
What bold invention fill'd the endleſs page!
Senſe, at the learned labour, ſat and ſmil'd;
And frighted Reaſon from the ſcene recoil'd.
But happy they, 'neath brazen front ſecure,
And ſouls which each hard action could endure.
Pleas'd to deſtroy, did ever pale Diſeaſe
Dim the weak lamp of life by ſlow degrees,
To the dark bed the man of wiſdom ran,
And quickly finiſh'd what the fiend began;

While

While ſad ſurvivors curb'd their riſing woe,
And wond'ring ſaw what mortal man could do.
Now, glorious Pean, from thy throne behold,
Free from alloy, a ſecond age of gold.
* Truth in her thouſand-colour'd veſt appears,
And ſhakes affronted Error by the ears;
With glance excurſive gaze the region o'er,
And bid the grumbling ſceptic doubt no more.
Bright as thy fane the ſplendid ſhop ſurvey;
How the huge bottles blaze along the way!
Noſtrum on noſtrum heap'd, and jar on jar!
From ſcenes like theſe can Health be abſent far?
With hopes leſs ſanguine than th' alchymiſt's dreams,
The retort glitters, and the furnace flames.
† Hark! Reformation ſhouts with angry mien,
" Keep pure your vials and your mortars clean;
" Scour the brown ruſt from off your ſordid ſtills,
" Make ſmooth your boluſes, and round your pills.
" Exil'd from home, let ancient titles fly
" To that dark grave where ruin'd ſyſtems lie.
" While lengthen'd ſyllables, with haughty pride,
" Fill the broad page, and ſpread from ſide to ſide,
" From brazen lungs the thund'ring notes reſound,
" And ſtun the wond'ring multitude with ſound."
Ye brave aſſociates in the thorny maze,
When toilſome ſtudy fill'd my youthful days;

* "Nudaque veritas."—HORACE. Probably Truth may wander about naked in the warm regions of Italy; but the façulty in our Northern climates, to prevent coughs and catarrhs, have provided her with the many-coloured veſt here deſcribed.

† The New Diſpenſatory.

While yet my lifping mufe, untaught to fing,
Had fcarce a feather in her unfledg'd wing;
True faithful pupils of your glorious fire,
Now 'fcap'd victorious thro' the trying fire,
O! let the breath of your afcending praife
Confpire to animate my feeble lays;
One fmall, fmall portion of that lib'ral foul,
Which fhone refulgent round the flowing bowl,
When each, admiring, gaz'd with cheerful mien,
And deeds of heroes fill'd the crowded fcene.
Here the bright maid, in all her pomp of charms,
Allur'd the melting lover to her arms;
While, by the penetrating moifture fed,
The bubo ripen'd, and the chancre fpread.
There, feam'd with honourable fcars, threefcore,
Which, like a champion, on his front he bore,
Frefh for the war, young Damon came again,
Lopt of his nofe, to Cytherea's fane.
Now, nobler deeds your great attention claim,
And actions worthy of immortal fame.
Roufe then, and liften to the tuneful ftring,
For 'tis your matchlefs mafter that I fing.
Once had the fun's refulgent orb retir'd,
Since bold debate the ardent fenate fir'd;
And once, forth iffuing from the purple main,
Unwearied run his daily round again:
Dark was the night, and o'er the filent globe
The power of flumbers wav'd his fable robe;
The full-gorg'd alderman, in deep repofe,
Pip'd the hoarfe fonnet thro' his Roman nofe.

Majeſtic Bruno, by no ſleep ſubdued,
Sat, with Oporto's purple juice imbrued:
His faithful followers by his awful ſide,
To their drench'd lips the lordly bowl applied:
Each bliſsful ſtimulus the banquet ſtor'd,
And potent opium overſpread the board.
High in his chair, diſtinguiſh'd o'er the reſt,
He rear'd the vaſt expanſion of his breaſt;
Borne on the tapering ſtaff, above his head,
Her ſhadowing plume the * Roman eagle ſpread.
His ponderous ſnuff-box of no common ſize,
Heap'd to the ſummit, bleſt his dazzled eyes:
His noſe refulgent as the Dog-ſtar's rays,
And the dim candle mingled blaze with blaze.
With floods of wine the table floated o'er,
And the ſmaſh'd glaſs lay ſcatter'd o'er the floor.
Thus in his royal chair imperial Jove
Shines 'mid the circle of the gods above;
While the ſtrong fumes cloud buſy Vulcan's head,
And Mars uſurping fills the cuckold's bed.
Now the bold hero iſſues his command,
And the large goblet glitters in his hand.
As round the pool on Norway's rocky ſhore,
Drawn by its whirl, the giddy waters roar,
When the big whale is hurried from his courſe,
And e'en the Kraken feels attraction's force:
So to a chaſm, moſt horrible to view,
Near and more near the trembling liquor drew;

* Enſign of a Freemaſon's lodge, of which he was maſter.

Till

Till buried in the gulph obſcure it glides,
And the ſtretch'd ſtomach ſwells beneath the tides.
All, by the great example fir'd, prepare
In plenteous draughts to drown intruding care;
Till each ſpontaneous tried his tuneful tongue,
And glad conſpir'd to raiſe the gen'ral ſong.
Charm'd Muſic hover'd o'er th' enraptur'd train,
And thus melodious ran the ſolemn ſtrain:
" To thee, whoſe dictates ſoften human woes,
" The grateful tribute of our praiſes flows;
" To thee, whoſe hands diſſolv'd the ſlaviſh yoke,
" And the ſtrong bonds of wild opinion broke.
" Thy mighty arm ſecure retreat affords,
" From hideous ſyſtems, and the war of words.
" 'Twas thine alone, impell'd to glorious acts,
" To methodize the wilderneſs of facts.
" Hail! Bruno, hail! whoſe ſoul, ſupremely bright,
" Burſts thro' the horrors of barbaric night.
" At the quick glance of thy diſcerning eye,
" See from his cave the ſtartled ſophiſt fly.
" Hence, when profeſſors moulder in the tomb,
" And black Oblivion ſpreads her hateful gloom;
" When their large folios, ſcorn'd by angry Fate,
" Preſt in the ſinking ſcale, are ſold by weight,
" Or, drawn reluctant from their ſeats of eaſe,
" *In the full market ſold the lumpiſh cheeſe;
" Thy honour'd name o'er earth ſhall flouriſh far,
" The boaſt of mortal man, the boreal ſtar."

* Deferar in vicum vendentem thus, et odores,
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.—Hor.

Of power to touch the ſoul, the tuneful quoir
Rous'd the red maſter from his eaſy chair;
Reſplendent glory dawn'd around his brows,
And his eye brighten'd, and his courage roſe.
Then thus: " Ye minſtrels, whoſe enchanting lays
" Claim the warm tribute of our higheſt praiſe,
" Lays which might lull arthritic pangs to reſt,
" Or ſooth the ſtorm in Stentor's troubled breaſt:
" While ſounds like theſe ſalute the raviſh'd ear,
" What mortal force ſhall check our bold career?
" Now let our foes, all impotent of mind,
" For want of action, whiſtle to the wind;
" Or, when the ſtruggling patient waits his doom,
" Preſcribe their Album-Græcum ſafe at home;
" While we ſerene ſuperior honours claim,
" And toil unceaſing for the wreath of Fame.
" And lo! capacious ſmiles the flowing bowl,
" To cheer the weak, and raiſe th' aſpiring ſoul.
" 'Tis this in heroes breathes the martial fire,
" This ſtrung the Grecian, this th' Auſonian lyre.
" Curſt be the man, who, anxious for a fee,
" Would tamely from the midnight revel flee.
" May he, condemn'd in Erebus to roar,
" Ne'er taſte a cordial drop of whiſkey more:
" May rough cathartics every entrail drain,
" And ſmarting bliſters give unceaſing pain:
" May he, (O! for a glorious curſe to ſuit,
" That ſhadow of a man, that more than brute!)
" Condemn'd, unpitied, for whole ages pore,
" Page after page, all ——s's volumes o'er."

Grimly

Grimly he ſpoke, and, terrible to view,
The craſhing table with his foot o'erthrew.
Quick from their ſeats th' alarm'd aſſociates ſprang,
Wide o'er the floor the rattling glaſſes rang.
Faſt flow'd the deluge from the broken bowl,
And round the room the tumbling bottles roll.
He 'midſt the ſcene of dire deſtruction ſtood,
And gaz'd exulting on the copious flood;
Then thro' the torrent ſtalk'd with ſpacious ſtride,
While to his ſhouts th' obſtrep'rous train replied.
But by degrees the powerful fume prevail'd,
Dull reaſon droop'd, the ſwimming ſenſes fail'd.
With trembling limbs they ſtagger'd round and round,
Till each by each lay proſtrate on the ground:
All but their lord, who, jocund ſtill and gay,
Beheld his ſilent flock, and march'd away.

Meantime, high-blazing o'er the mountain's brows,
The purple ſun in gorgeous ſplendour roſe:
Smooth ſkim the ſea-fowl o'er the miſty main,
And loud the plowman whiſtles o'er the plain;
While dreaming * Fyffe the gift of ſlumber ſhares,
And plans diſſections for ſucceeding years.
But 'neath his window, whilſt he ſnor'd profound,
From lungs Stentorian came a dreadful ſound.
"Riſe," cried the voice, "from bed of feathers leap:
"When wars impend can ſenſeleſs mortals ſleep?"
Rob'd in an inſtant, he delays no more,
Deſcends the ſtairs, and opes th' unfolding door;

* Mr. Fyffe, diſſector to the Univerſity.

When

When ſternly fronting his aſtoniſh'd face
Stood the grim monarch of the butchering race:
Drawn by a cord, which round the leg was tied,
A brawny porker gruntled by his ſide.
Fyffe, with amaze, th' uncommon ſight beholds:
His purpoſe thus th' aſſiduous lord unfolds.
" Thine be th' important charge, whilſt here I wait,
" Quick to prepare the inſtruments of fate.
" Behold this grovelling beaſt, whoſe fleeting life
" Lies a pale victim to my ſearching knife:
" With dext'rous gaſh I'll lay his entrails bare,
" And bid th' events of future days appear.
" Uſeful the taſk, thus provident we find,
" Food for the body, knowledge for the mind.
" Yet Bruno triumphs, and, in ſpite of laws,
" Erects his banner 'gainſt the common cauſe;
" While the weak ſenate hope ſucceſs to gain,
" Their only arms, contempt and cold diſdain.
" Then ſhall I labour ſtill from morn to night,
" Rack all my ſenſes, ſtrain my aching ſight;
" My ſole reward, my counſels diſobey'd,
" My actions thwarted, and my will gainſaid!
" I cannot brook it: my indignant ſoul
" Broils at the thought, and ſpurns at all controul:
" March!" At the word, the faithful ſervant flew,
Op'd the wide * dome, and brought the block to view.
Cloſe by appear'd the academic chair,
Where Stentor's lordly bum, for many a year,

* The Anatomical Theatre.

Preſs'd

Preſt the ſoft cuſhion, while his tuneful tongue
Of chyle, and blood, and bland ſecretion ſung.
Now ſcreams the reſtive beaſt with hideous roar;
Behind one urges, and one drags before.
Claſp'd in their graſping arms, they tug, they ſtrain,
And heave him on the ponderous log with pain.
At length, ſupine, he rolls his fiery eyes,
Strives with his bonds, and every effort tries.
Silent, the great Haruſpex looks around,
Revolves the work, and plans the future wound.
Now, in his hand, the brandiſh'd iron gleams,
And the blood trickles in meand'ring ſtreams.
Stedfaſt, he ſtill proceeds with cautious care,
Removes the ſkin, and lays the muſcles bare;
But, mad with pain, impatient of his yoke,
The ſtruggling victim all his fetters broke;
Plung'd from the block, and with unbounded force
O'erturn'd great Stentor in his furious courſe.
At the dire ſcene, with trembling fear inſpir'd,
Quick from his proſtrate lord, pale Fyffe retir'd.
He, when from ſight the wounded pris'ner fled,
As rous'd from ſleep, uprais'd his aching head:
Afflicted ſenſe the bitter bruiſe bewail'd,
And doubt and fear his anxious ſoul aſſail'd.
Then, from the ſcene, his ling'ring ſteps he turn'd,
And, as he paſt, th' unproſperous omen mourn'd.
Strange power of fancy! whoſe enchanting hand
Can rouſe the paſſions, and the ſoul command.
Impatient man, by curious impulſe driven,
Still burns to pierce the dark decrees of Heaven;

While, nunciates true of pleaſure and of pain,
Hope and pale Fear lead on their various train.
They ſpread the motley viſion forth to view,
Aſſenting Reaſon looks, and owns it true:
Fear, whoſe ſad forms in dread ſucceſſion riſe,
And frown inceſſant on the man of vice:
Hope, whoſe mild eye looks on to future years,
Aids the oppreſt, the drooping priſoner cheers;
Whoſe angel voice can ſtill the ſtorm within,
Awake belief, and waſh the fouleſt clean.
Hence, when, auguſt, the modern man of God
Walks in the paths which never patriarch trod,
Loud and vociferous, proves his call divine
By ſtrong mundungus, and enlivening wine;
Hope diſplays ſcenes where pureſt pleaſures wait,
And kindly opens Peter's peaceful gate.
The hoary wretch ſits brooding o'er his ſtore,
And hopes to count it many a ſeaſon more.
The heir, half ruin'd by th' unlucky game,
Hopes, by the next, his fortune to reclaim.
The man of honour, whoſe audacious ſteel
Stabs his beſt friend, ſincerely hopes no ill.
The doctor grave, by aiding pale diſeaſe,
Hopes for returning vigour, hopes for fees.

THE

BRUNONIAD.

THE ACTS OF DISCORD.

ARGUMENT.

THE Poet giveth a Glimpſe of the Academy of Logomachians, and their tutelar Saint, who quitteth the Synod upon an Expedition of Importance.—She exaſperateth the Sons of Pean into tenfold Rage.—The Intercourſe of Neſtor and Andreas, whoſe Oration precipitateth the Senior into a Deliquium Animi.—

The Scene lieth firſt at the Academy—then removeth a few Degrees to the North.—The Time, half a Day.

THE

BRUNONIAD.

CANTO IV.

CLOSE to the peopled ſhore, where foaming Thames,
In ſolemn grandeur, rolls his fruitful ſtreams,
Its towering length the ſtately column rears,
And all the pomp of Billingſgate appears:
Immortal mart! whoſe ever-fam'd domain
Shines with the tenants of the boundleſs main;
Immortal mart! whoſe powerful voice can call
Auguſta's judges from the crowded hall,
Where, thron'd ſuperb, they ſit in ſolemn ſtate,
And nod, unconſcious of the long debate.
Around thy courts the watery Naiads throng,
And each, melodious, tries her tuneful tongue;
While dauntleſs Trulla o'er the buſy ſcene,
Like Africk's lion, rears her angry mien.
Then the grim boatman, all beſmear'd with blood,
Shouts loud damnation from the ſwelling flood;

The

The boiſt'rous curſe his angry mate returns,
And rous'd anew the raging combat burns.
To the glad fight the thronging porters crowd;
Wedg'd in the preſs the butcher ſhouts aloud;
Wide and more wide the maddening fury glows,
And the tide ſtreams from many a purple noſe:
While, as the rattling thunder hoarſe and ſtrong,
Roars the eternal turbulence of tongue.
To aid the tumult, with unwearied care,
A form portentous hovers in the air;
Demon of Diſcord! whoſe tempeſtuous hand
No prayers can vanquiſh, and no force withſtand.
Terrific ſhines her giant bulk reveal'd,
Half plain to view, in tempeſts half conceal'd,
Unſeen; ſave when her breath's ſulphureous light,
Like Etna's caverns, burſts the gloom of night.
Wide o'er the land her glowing eyes ſhe turn'd;
The fiery orbs like angry meteors burn'd;
She ſaw all ranks ſubmiſſive to her ſway,
Saw even the church her great beheſts obey;
The devotee her warmeſt influence feel,
And pulpits ring with one eternal peal.
Then far to Scotia ſhot her horrid glare,
While all her conſcious mountains quak'd with fear.
There 'mongſt the chiefs of Pean's learned ſchool
She ſaw, exulting, wild Diſſenſion rule.
Rous'd at the view, aloft in air ſhe ſprung;
Loud at her voice th' affrighted city rung;
Then in the whirlwind's awful gloom conceal'd,
Through the drear waſte the dreadful demon ſail'd;

Wide

Wide o'er the land her ſanguine garment threw,
And drooping Nature ſicken'd at the view.
Northumbria's ſpacious plains ſhe paſs'd with ſpeed,
Swept the long tract, and croſs'd the foaming Tweed;
And gave at length her wearied wings repoſe,
Where lofty Arthur nods his hoary brows;
There, rais'd aloft, ſurvey'd the vaſt campaign,
Th' expanded city, and the diſtant main;
Then from the ſummit wing'd her airy way,
And ſought the dome where aged Neſtor lay.
Him, rob'd in ſable, in his chair ſhe found,
While all the liſt'ning audience throng'd around,
Loſt in the vaſt profundity of thought;
Each ear attentive to the rules he taught.
His daring mind the welcome theme reviews,
How haggard * Febris her attacks renews;
Her batter'd fort how Nature guards with care,
Expels the fury, and awakes the war;
Till in ſad hour, deſponding and afraid,
She quits the doubtful field, and calls for aid.
His boiſt'rous force then ſtern Emetic tries,
His comrade cheers, and to the combat flies;
Whilſt ſly Cathartic, in the dome below,
Aims a dark blow, and ſtruggles with the foe;
And Bark, dread warrior! when the battle's o'er,
By his ſtrong ramparts makes the conqueſt ſure:
Fix'd for a while the wond'ring hag remain'd;
Her cauſe forgotten, and her wrath reſtrain'd:

* See the note in the 1ſt Canto: "Upon the whole, our doctrine of Fever is this," &c.

But ah! my Neſtor, nought thy charms avail;
Thy ſweet digreſſions from thy well told tale:
Poiz'd o'er thy head, her ſhadowing wings ſhe ſpreads,
And through thy breaſt her gliding venom ſheds:
Quick to thy cheek the blood impetuous flows,
And thy bright eye with rage unwonted glows.
The deed perform'd, away the demon flies,
To where great Galen's ſecret manſion lies.
Ah! how waſt thou employ'd that awful day!
Thy ſoul ſubdued by Pleaſure's magic ſway.
Thy thoughts entranc'd—Audacious Muſe, forbear
To utter more than mortal man may hear.
All joys, illuſtrious ſage, muſt have an end:
See o'er thy couch the glowing fury bend:
At her ſtrong voice the ſcenes of bliſs retire,
And deeds of vengeance all thy boſom fire.
On Andreas next her ruthleſs rage ſhe deals;
The riſing ſpirit then Machaon feels:
But with bright features of vermilion hue,
Grim Stentor ſtalks moſt terrible to view;
From his rais'd foot the pale domeſtics fly,
And the clench'd fiſt deſcending from on high;
Impell'd along from room to room he ſcours,
Burſts the ſtrong bolts, and drives the claſhing doors.
As the bold bull-dog, with tumultuous cries,
From place to place with matchleſs fury flies,
When the blown bladder faſtens to his tail,
Whoſe hollow womb tremendous pebbles fill,
Now here, now there, he ſcampers through the ſtreets,
While thick behind the hideous rattle beats.

Andreas,

Andreas, impatient for the martial plain,
Can ſcarce the fury of his arm reſtrain;
With beaver proud he ſhades his angry brows,
And ſwift to Neſtor's honour'd manſion goes.
He opes the door, aſcends the winding ſtair,
Salutes the ſage, and takes the eaſy chair.
* Sullen they gaze; the ſilence Neſtor breaks,
And his wig trembles as the monarch ſpeaks.
† " Why boaſt we, Andreas, our exalted place,
" Th' illuſtrious chiefs of Pean's noble race?
" Unfetter'd, why ſhould our imperious will
" Enjoy the great prerogative to kill?
" Why, in the coſtly banquet raiſed on high,
" Smoke the Scotch-collops and the giblet-pye—
" If worthy deeds no equal honours claim,
" And perils raiſe us in the liſts of fame?
" All thoughts of peace my anxious ſoul foregoes;
" I burn, I burn, to meet the raging foes;
" That chief and foremoſt in the dangerous fray,
" Pleas'd at the ſight, applauding youths may ſay,
" Deſerving are our lords in ſacred eaſe,
" Sublime to triumph in the richeſt fees,
" Arm'd cap-a-pee, ſince thus they nobly dare,
" And great in action brave the van of war.
" Andreas, could all the vigilance of age
" 'Scape the dire potion, or the lancet's rage,
" Lull'd in eternal indolence I'd ſnore,
" Break the huge inkhorn, and preſcribe no more:

* See Homer, book xxii.

† See Sarpedon's Speech to Glaucus, Iliad, xii.

" But ſince, the toil of droning ſtudy paſt,
" Death's tutor'd miniſter muſt come at laſt;
" Our names above the abject crowd we'll raiſe,
" And crown our labours with immortal praiſe."
" Dear to our ſoul," th' aſſociate ſwift returns,
" To hear thee ſpeak our glowing boſom burns;
" Sweet to our ſenſe deſcends thy honied ſtrain,
" Smooth as the current from the ſpouting vein.
" Yet will our ſovereign lend a patient ear;
" War's furious toils it ſuits not age to ſhare.
" 'Tis ours alone, while youth beats high, to go,
" And bear our thunder on the proſtrate foe;
" Already doom'd the cheerleſs world to roam,
" Expell'd, and exil'd from the * annual tome.
" Aw'd by our valour, Jones † enjoy'd not long
" The wild and ſhameleſs privilege of tongue.
" Yet then remains to draw the conquering ſword;
" The ſervant humbled, to attack the lord;
" Nor longer let the vagrant refuge ſeek,
" In hideous Latin, and terrific Greek:
" But, hurl'd indignant, ſearch his ruſtic home,
" ‡ To puſh the ſhuttle, and direct the loom."
" Andreas, my child," the hoary ſage replies,
(While kind diſpleaſure ſparkles in his eyes)

* Medical Commentaries, an uſeful and valuable work, comprehending an account of the various medical publications, and news, during the year; but where our hero hath never appeared that we know of, excepting the bare mention of him in the laſt volume.

† See Jones's Enquiry into the State of Medicine.

‡ See the Epiſtle to Dr. Jones, where this ſarcaſm is to be found.

" Heav'n, in its diſpenſations always right,
" Its deep intents conceals from mortal ſight,
" The generous mind to manual toil reſigns,
" Where genius brightens, and where judgment ſhines;
" But ſoon the lion ſhakes his brindled mane,
" And ſtalks the monarch of the ſubject plain.
" Grant then our foe, ſubmiſſive to his doom,
" Be the lone tenant of his narrow home.
" O'er the tall foreſt is the ſcion grown,
" Great is the riſe, the merit is his own.
" Oft is the hero's future fortune laid,
" Veil'd in the deep obſcurity of ſhade:
" Thus Rome's great ſire, in poverty's low vale,
" Suck'd the ſhe-wolf, and ſhar'd the ſhepherd's meal.
" 'Twas thus her Tully, o'er the crowded ſcene,
" Rais'd in full ſplendour his majeſtic mien,
" While the ſhock'd roſtrum trembled at his ſtrain,
" And helmed heroes dropt the tear humane."

As thus he ſpeaks, a ſpark of conſcious ſhame
O'er Andreas' front diffus'd the riſing flame.
Thus, when ſly renard, for his meal prepar'd,
Eyes the fat poultry in the farmer's yard,
If by the watchful hind his ſteps be ſeen,
Alarm'd he ſcowls, and trips the ſhaven green;
Twitch'd is his tail, his eyes retorted roll,
And ſpeak the mournful miſchief of his ſoul:
So the ſad hero wail'd his humbled pride,
Oft wiſh'd to ſpeak, and oft his lips denied;
His ſtammering tongue its cumbrous meſſage tells,
In ſtrings of lonely monoſyllables.

At length renew'd his wonted vigour glows,
And ſwift the torrent of his language flows.
But ah! th' unpleaſing theme is left behind,
And different topics fire his active mind.
All bright he paints a ſcene auguſt and grand,
And ſings the wonders of his own right hand.
Sagely he tells how Apoplexy ſnor'd,
Her limpid ſtream how Diabetes pour'd;
Then winds the hackney'd ſubject round and round,
With all the ſweet inanity of ſound.
Fair in the ſpeech immortal Senna blaz'd,
His tuneful voice renown'd Columbo prais'd;
Here Pus and Mucus travel ſide by ſide,
There Nitre cool dilutes the purple tide;
While Aqua Pura flows in plenteous ſtream,
To thin the gruel, and abate the flame.
Thus, thro' the labyrinth ſecure he ran,
And nobly ended where he firſt began;
With ſtudied art then ſwell'd the final clauſe,
And anxious waited for the due applauſe.
In vain—great Neſtor, thine unconſcious ear,
Lull'd to repoſe, refus'd the bliſs to ſhare.
'Twas calm as death, inſenſible to pain;
Even thundering * Murray might have roar'd in vain.
Then hope not, Andreas, ſweet acceſs to find,
Through the charm'd organ, to the liſt'ning mind.

* Mr. Murray the Bookſeller, with whom, it is reported, he had a ſharp diſpute for ſome time.

Reſerve,

Reſerve, reſerve, till better times prevail,
Thy ſtrange, thy long, thy ineffectual tale.
Let not thy periods, like a fruitleſs prayer,
Roam, unregarded, through the waſte of air.
Thy ſmooth oration till to-morrow keep,
For lo! thy ſovereign lies—How? Faſt aſleep.

THE

THE

BRUNONIAD.

THE GENERAL ENGAGEMENT.

ARGUMENT.

AN Apology to the Critic—Neſtor is rouſed from his Deliquium Animi by the tumultuous Approach of the Brotherhood—Stentor maketh a notable Oration to excite them to Bloodſhed, which is applauded by Neſtor, who preſcribeth, before the Onſet, a diffuſible Stimulus—the Author's Encomium thereon—his Deſcription of the grand Jubilee, which is diſturbed by the Clangor of an hoſtile Tongue, which is ſucceeded by an Engagement depicted in claſſical Colours.

The Scene firſt at Neſtor's Manſion, from whence it emigrateth to the Campus Martius.—The Time, a ſingle Evening.

THE

BRUNONIAD.

CANTO V.

" ZOUNDS!" cries the critic, with indignant ſtare,
" Aſleep! when Diſcord fierce impels to war!
" When fervent paſſion fires the human frame,
" The lawleſs ſtorm can gentle ſlumbers tame?
" Search Nature's ſcenes, her ſimple paths explore,
" Then teach your drowſy hero when to ſnore.
" Lull'd in oblivion let the monarch reſt,
" When the ſmooth ſtream glides eaſy thro' the breaſt;
" When rous'd to action, let him boldly rage,
" And ſtorm tempeſtuous o'er the thund'ring ſtage;
" Elſe 'tis the airy meteor's gilded beam,
" 'Tis the fool's fancy, 'tis the poet's dream."
O! thou dread ſovereign of my ſubject ſoul!
Whoſe lurid frowns can every thought controul;
Whoſe ruling hand the pond'rous rod ſuſtains,
To guide th' hiſtorian's or the poet's ſtrains;

Yet ſtay; nor ſhall I dare detain thee long,
In the grave mazes of my ſolemn ſong;
Yet to a bard incline thine awful ear,
A bard, who, high amid the deſert air,
In the drear garret pens his lonely ſtrain,
While the wind whiſtles thro' the broken pane:
Alarm'd, who dreads thy fury to withſtand,
And the quill totters in his trembling hand.
Surely the ſoul, when frantic paſſion warms,
When rage expands her, or when fear alarms,
Tir'd by the ſhock, and haraſs'd by the pain,
Sinks, the huge load unable to ſuſtain;
Then timely ſleep ſucceeds to watchful cares,
Renews the ſpirits, and the ſtrength repairs.
Search then the chequer'd paths of life, to find
If facts confirm what theory hath coin'd.
Full well thou know'ſt (ſince thou haſt ponder'd o'er
Wiſdom, and truth, in tomes of ancient lore;
Since wide the ſtreams of ſacred knowledge ſpread,
In the large orb of thy omniſcient head)
*When Philip's ſon, on Perſia's hoſtile ſhore,
His brandiſh'd falchion bath'd in purple gore,
What time, the long conteſted war to cloſe,
The laſt, the great deciſive morn aroſe.
Dire was the view of far-extended fields,
Throng'd with the millions of embattled ſhields;
And o'er the plain the deaf'ning clamour roll'd,
When the ſun ting'd the eaſtern clouds with gold.

* See Quintus Curtius, lib. iv.

The

The battle calls; while he whofe fanguine blade
Still 'mongft the foremoft always fhone difplay'd,
Long, long diftreft with cogitation deep,
Stretch'd on his couch, enjoy'd the gift of fleep.
Oh heavens, afleep! tho' high the tumult rofe,
And Perfia's crown hung tottering o'er his brows!
Say then, why, in the whirl of thought employ'd,
Should fleep to Pean's hero be denied?
Say rather, how he could refift fo long,
Lull'd by the mufic of his Andreas' tongue?
And fay, O Mufe! fince thou alone canft tell,
To break the pleafing charm what next befel?
While Neftor's horn fonorous echoed wide,
And Andreas pip'd concordant by his fide;
What time the evening fun, defcending low,
But faintly glimmer'd o'er the wafte of fnow;
The brazen rapper, with tremendous roar,
In peals on peals refounded on the door.
Sudden they woke, and, ftarting from their feat,
Hear'd the ftairs thunder with unnumber'd feet.
"This night he falls," a voice tempeftuous cried;
"This night he falls," the ftair-cafe loud replied.
Near and more near the doubling echoes came,
And Stentor enter'd with his eyes on flame:
Machaon, Paracelfus, next appear,
And fober Galen laft brought up the rear:
Then thus, while fmooth he ftrok'd his double chin,
Began the mafter of the portly mien:
"Sweet to phyficians are the noxious gales,
"When patients ficken, and difeafe prevails:

" But ſweet, ah doubly ſweet! th' ecſtatic charm,
" To plunge the lancet in a rich man's arm:
" But to phyſicians not ſo ſweet the gales,
" When patients ſicken, and diſeaſe prevails,
" As when together kindred ſouls combine;
" As to my boſom ſuch a ſoul as thine.
" Yes, to the war together will we go,
" Lift the red arm, and echo blow for blow.
" This is the eve when ſtudents, void of care,
" Jocund and blithe, the annual feaſt prepare;
" Where, ſmear'd with wine, and honour'd o'er the reſt,
" Bruno attends, an ever-welcome gueſt:
" Round to his health the ready bumpers fly;
" They ſing, they ſhout, and college-rules defy.
" Riſe then, our ſire, at this auſpicious hour,
" While Glory calls, and Fate allows the power:
" Riſe at the voice, thy priſtine ſtrength recal;
" Attend thy ſons to conquer, or to fall."
He ceas'd, exulting in the work deſign'd:
The chief of Pean's godlike race rejoin'd.
" Well haſt thou counſell'd, and thy prudent will
" A ſecret ſomething prompts me to fulfil:
" But, yet a while ſuppreſs thy bold deſires,
" Let Reaſon dictate what herſelf inſpires.
" She tells me wine, with elevating charm,
" With tenfold vigour fills the ſtouteſt arm;
" And plenteous jars my ample vaults produce,
" Bright as the pureſt poppy's purple juice;
" Jars which young Florio, grateful preſents, gave,
" Soon as his ſire lay mouldering in the grave.

" Theſe

" Thefe welcome premiums for the gilded pill,
" Sprung from great acts, fhall lead to greater ftill.
" How then, my Stentor, will that brawny hand
" Deal round deftruction to the hoftile band ;
" That dext'rous hand, which with officious care
" Can wield the * gorget, and the fharp trocar !"
Gayly he fpoke, and, inftant at the word,
The juice nectareous glitter'd on the board.
Each face, by powerful fympathy infpir'd,
Beam'd on the glafs, with cheerful fmiles attir'd:
Ev'n Galen fmerk'd the pleafing boon to fee,
And fmack'd his cherry lips with muckle glee.
The foaming goblet Neftor rais'd in air,
And thus to Pean pour'd his fuppliant prayer:
" Sire of our art, by whom aufpicious led,
" We live, we move, and gain our daily bread ;
" When danger hovers, unto thee we call,
" Oh! aid our efforts, help us, or we fall:
" Sons from thy courts an upftart vagrant draws ;
" He fcorns thy precepts, and contemns thy laws.
" Aid us, great Pean, for refolv'd we go
" T' affert thy rights, and lay the boafter low."
As æther fwift the fupplication flies,
But roams unnotic'd thro' the ambient fkies.
† Amen, cries Stentor with ftupendous voice,
Amen, affenting Galen quick replies ;
Soft drops the found from Paracelfus' tongue ;
Amen, from Andreas' fhrill-ton'd larynx rung :

* Surgical inftruments. † See the Dunciad, end of the 1ft Canto.

Crofs

Crofs Cowgate fwift the hollow murmur ran,
And the old college echoed back Amen.
Now each by each his earneft labours plies,
And the glafs circles, and their fpirits rife:
No anxious doubts their zealous ardour tame;
No thoughts of danger quench the thirft of fame.
All-conquering Stimulus! thy powerful aid
From penfive grief difpels th' impending fhade:
'Tis thine alone to calm the ftruggling breath,
And fnatch the victim from the bed of death;
'Tis thine the fairy vifion to impart,
Raife the rapt foul, expand the generous heart.
The poet's rage, the painter's bold defign,
All, all, immortal Stimulus, are thine.
Meantime to * Dunn's the thronging youths repair,
And loud in mirth the jocund banquet fhare:
Annual they thus fupport their blemifh'd name,
And wafh, in floods of port, their fullied fame;
For evil tongues, by no remorfe controll'd,
To blaft their credit impious falfehoods told;
Wide o'er the town the flying rumour bore,
Of wandering heroes from Hibernia's fhore,
Who, fcorning juftice, and inur'd to fight,
Smafh'd the bright lamp amid the gloom of night;

* Dunn's hotel, in the New Town. It has been a cuftom for fome years, among the ftudents, to have an annual feaft, about Chriftmas, for the reafon given in our Poem. The Irifh gentlemen, from their well-known volatility of difpofition, being frequently engaged in nocturnal brawls and quarrels, had, at length, raifed their fame to fuch a pitch, that when any mifchief was done in the city, where the author was concealed, the load generally came to be clapt upon their fhoulders.

While

While thick ſurrounded by the hoſt of foes,
Defenceleſs Sawney mourn'd his bloody noſe.
O race immaculate! that Envy's ire
To ſtain your ſpotleſs ſouls ſhould thus aſpire:
But you ſecure can ſcorn the treach'rous wiles,
While, calm and clear, untroubled conſcience ſmiles.
Now in the Weſt the ſun's bright radiance fades,
And Night aſcending ſpreads her duſky ſhades;
While wide around the flaming tapers blaze,
And poliſh'd plates reflect the dazzling rays:
Quick round the board the ready waiters ſpring,
And in long row the ſmoking diſhes bring.
Here ſhines confeſt whate'er kind Nature yields
From the green ocean, or the ſportive fields;
On the rapt eye in ample order riſe
Mountains of cuſtards, magazines of pies:
While Gallic art, like Circe's wand of yore,
Transforms each victim with unbounded power.
Nor thou whoſe might Herculean nought can quell,
Whom few can equal, and whom none excel;
Nor thou, great Bruno, 'mid the ſplendid feaſt,
Deem thy unerring taſte conſulted leaſt:
For lo! whoſe charms can baniſh dull repoſe,
Renown'd Falernum on the ſide-board glows.
Nor thou, brave Sawney, whom the Muſes fire,
Art thou leſs worthy of the Muſes' lyre:
Yes, ſhe ſhall ſing thy unexampled worth,
And raiſe thy glory o'er the ſons of earth:
Yes, ſhe ſhall ſing thy pipe's melodious charm,
How the bag ſwell'd beneath thy riſing arm.

Thou

Thou ſang'ſt of deeds perform'd in days of yore,
The meed of worth when high-plum'd valour bore;
Greateſt of men, how godlike Arthur ſhone,
His table fill'd with chiefs of high renown;
And how ſad brothers in the deſperate fray
With hoſtile banners fought the ſummer's day!
But ah! ſweet minſtrel, ceaſe thy tuneful care,
And dread the fury of impending war.
Riſe, fond aſſociates, from the banquet riſe,
Nor taſte the bliſs relentleſs Fate denies:
Forbear, forbear, to touch the ſweet repaſt;
Loſt are your pleaſures, loſt the jovial feaſt.
For lo! he comes to ſcatter deep diſmay;
The lord of battle ſpeeds his vengeful way;
He o'er whoſe ſoul no tender ſounds prevail,
Deaf to th' afflicted patient's piteous wail:
He groans, Edina echoes to his groan;
He frowns, and Nature darkens at his frown:
Fierce as he ſtrides, he withers all the ſtreet,
And the ground ſmokes beneath his thundering feet.
Ope flew the door, the ſounding hinges jarr'd,
And grim as Death the ſtern Profeſſor glar'd.
As when ſome wretch the ſultry region treads,
Where Nile irriguous laves the laughing meads;
If chance, as patient ſtill he labours on,
And ſweats and pants beneath the fervid ſun,
The hungry crocodile, athirſt for blood,
Rears his huge viſage from the parting flood;
Aghaſt he ſtands, benumb'd with chilling fear,
His limbs all trembling, and erect his hair;

So,

So, mute with dread, the ſilent crowd appear'd,
Awed by the preſence of the man they fear'd:
Pale, as when dark profeſſors point the door,
And doom to ſtudy for a ſeaſon more.
Ev'n Bruno ſhook, as thus, with ruddy face,
Loud Stentor bellow'd from his lungs of braſs.
" Baſe herd of fools! the ſcandal, and diſgrace,
" Of ſacred Pean, and his godlike race;
" Villains, whoſe grovelling ſouls, debas'd by ſin,
" Are ſordid as the clods which wrap them in:
" Is it a time, when ſtudy calls away,
" To gorge with wine thoſe tenements of clay?
" Hence, to your homes, nor let me find you more,
" On the curſt confines of this hated floor.
" And thou, grim monſter, foremoſt midſt the cries
" Of lawleſs riot, and tumultuous noiſe,
" Avaunt! while yet our boundleſs rage affords,
" And learn obedience to thy lawful lords."
He ceas'd, when furious from his lofty ſeat
Bruno aroſe, majeſtically great;
Fierce on his front the blazing luſtre ſhone,
Like the red meteor, or th' autumnal moon;
As Mars he ſtood, tremendous in his ire,
And each carbuncle glow'd with purer fire.
" Loquacious upſtart of the noiſy crowd,
" For miſchief born, in defamation loud;
" How can that tongue pronounce us the diſgrace
" Of ſacred Pean, and his godlike race?
" Search your own hearts, obey your ſettled rules;
" Slaves to the jargon of deteſted ſchools.

" And can that ſhameleſs front preſume to lower,
" Where feſtive pleaſure ſpends the jocund hour?
" To thy own flock thy hated mandates bear,
" Nor longer raiſe thy uſeleſs clamours here;
" Elſe the warm blood ſhall from thy noſtril flow,
" And fix thee here beneath the weight of woe."
Swift as an arrow cuts the liquid ſkies,
Or the warm glyſter from the ſyringe flies,
Impatient Stentor meditates a blow,
Nor deigns an anſwer to his hated foe.
On a broad diſh magnificently bright,
Smok'd a huge rump all tempting to the ſight.
Two waiters ſcarce the weighty maſs could raiſe,
Waiters who ſerve in theſe degenerate days.
This in his arms from out the circling bound
He heaves, and furious whirls it round, and round.
At Bruno hurl'd, it flew with boundleſs force,
(A trail of gravy mark'd its rapid courſe)
Sudden he ſtoop'd, while far above his head
It ruſh'd, and number'd Celſus with the dead.
Where the ſtrong * crotaphite, by nature's law,
Is firm inſerted in the lower jaw,
With dreadful daſh it fixt a hideous wound,
And ſtruck the youthful hero to the ground.
Tempeſtuous Bruno, raging at the view,
Fierce as a lion at the table flew;
Whence furious ſnatch'd, a gooſe full fed, and fair,
Pois'd in his hands ſhone glittering in the air.

* The temporal muſcle.

Ah!

Ah! haplefs fowl! once glory of the plain!
No more the meadows echo to thy ftrain,
Shorn of thy plumes now doom'd thro' air to go;
Great Stentor's breaft receives th' unwelcome blow.
Five backward fteps he meafures o'er the floor,
While loud the tempeft, with tremendous roar,
Refpondent echoes thro' his poftern door.
Ere yet recover'd, from an arm unknown,
A lordly pudding dafh'd on Neftor's crown;
Forth from its fruitful womb a torrent pours,
And down his face defcends in plenteous fhowers.
Hurl'd from his head, his wig at diftance flies,
While high in air its fmoky volumes rife.
As the frefh hay new gather'd from the plain,
And heap'd yet humid by the thrifty fwain;
The ponderous mafs internal warmth acquires,
Swells and augments, till burft the fmother'd fires:
Thick wreaths of waving fmoke fucceffive rife,
Obfcure the village, and involve the fkies.
Mean time, the tumult rings on every fide,
The combat glows, and Uproar lords it wide;
Each dauntlefs breaft exulting Difcord warms,
While the deck'd board affords each warrior arms.
As from the mill defcends the pounded grain,
O'er head the flying fowls are caft amain.
Aloft the martyr'd turkey fhines difplay'd,
And thick potatoes form a dreadful fhade:
With floods of fauce the room is cover'd o'er,
And mingled jellies pafte the flippery floor.

Say, goddeſs, ere the tranſient colours fade,
What heroes triumph'd, and what heroes bled?
While ruthleſs Galen 'midſt the dire alarms,
With jaws expanded ſhouts aloud, to arms,
Fixt in his mouth a huge potatoe lay,
And loud the warrior mourn'd the fatal day,
Till Stentor's forceps eas'd his raging pain,
And ſent him glorious to the war again.
As calm from far the tumult he ſurveys,
A cuſtard falls on Paracelſus' face.
Prone, on the floor, he ſinks with arms diſplay'd,
And ſucks the morſel, careleſs of his fate.
Incens'd Machaon to the table ſprung,
And, with full force, a large decanter flung.
Where * ſterno-cleido-maſtoideus glides,
And the † carotid pours its ruſhing tides,
Young Sawney's neck the dangerous wound receives,
The fading light his ſwimming eye-balls leaves.
Born to the pleaſures of the cheerful plain,
'Twas his fond taſk to tend the fleecy train.
Till the young ſtripling up to manhood grown,
Great Pean ſaw, and claim'd him for his own.
Ah! had he ſtill purſued his rural care,
Nor, bold in action, ſought the ranks of war!

* A muſcle on the ſide of the neck, which anatomiſts have honoured with this name.

† The carotid artery.

Buſ

But now, behold! more dreadful ſcenes appear,
For fight prepar'd, here * Jones, and Andreas there:
At Andreas' breaſt his foe a blow intends;
O'er Jones's head bold Andreas' cane impends:
Jones ſtrikes, but fails, for Pallas, unimplor'd,
Turns his ſtrong knuckles 'gainſt the ſolid board.
Not ſo grim Andreas; on his ſhrinking foe,
From high deſcending, falls the deadly blow;
Stunn'd with the dreadful ſhock, he reels around,
And prone beneath the ſide-board bites the ground.
The tottering fabric toſt from ſide to ſide
O'er the pale hero pours the fragrant tide.
As Troy's fam'd river, when defil'd with blood,
O'er young Pelides roll'd the foaming flood;
So over Jones, as ſtretch'd he lay ſupine,
Smok'd the wide deluge of o'erflowing wine.
This Bruno ſaw, and inſtant at the view,
With rage unbounded to the combat flew;
Swift as a whirlwind he purſued his way,
Where valiant Stentor gain'd the glorious day.
Beneath his arm, pale ſtudents preſt the plain
Like leaves in autumn, or like drops of rain.
"Turn, coward, turn," th' indignant warrior cried;
The hero hear'd him, and prepar'd for fight.
Awed at the ſight, the trembling crowd deſiſts,
And ſhuns the whiſtling of their dreadful fiſts.
Juſt as when Humphries on the lofty ſtage,
And quick Mendoza bare them to engage.

* Dr. Jones, author of the Inquiry into the State of Medicine.

Each

Each batter'd breaſt is black with many a wound,
And blows unceaſing thro' the air reſound;
While the glad bucks with rapture hail the ſcene,
And gaze, for ever, on the godlike men.
With ſtedfaſt eye, great Bruno wide ſurvey'd
The ſpacious round of Stentor's kingly head;
But recollection bade his arm reſtrain,
Nor idly ſtrive where mortal force was vain.
At length expos'd a proper place he ſpied,
Where the large liver fill'd th' encumber'd ſide.
He ſtruck; a mournful groan from Stentor broke,
He ſunk beneath the unavoided ſtroke.
He falls! he falls! the hero of the war;
His batter'd trunk defil'd with many a ſcar.
His foe triumphing drags him o'er the floor,
And fierce expels him thro' the opening door.
His abject ſtate, his trembling fellows ſpy;
Hopeleſs of triumph, lo! they run, they fly.
The conqueror follows with inſulting boaſt,
And ſwift before him drives the routed hoſt.
As the glad ruſtic unto Smithfield fair,
Thro' the long path impels his fleecy care;
Loud as he ſhouts they ſcour the ſmoking plain,
And, faint with heat, their heaving boſoms ſtrain:
So theſe; while Bruno, with redoubled blows,
O'er the whole throng his dex'trous might beſtows.
As the young Tyro, delicate and nice,
With lifted peſtle, pounds the fragrant ſpice;
With order due, he keeps the meaſur'd beat,
And ſhrill the mortar echoes thro' the ſtreet.

Or as in homely barn the ſturdy ſwains,
With flails uplifted, thraſh the bouncing grains;
Patient they go, in long gradation round,
And quick the never-ceaſing thumps reſound.
Far from the clamour Stentor they convey,
And ſtretch'd ſupinely on his couch diſplay;
There unguents ſmooth in viſcous torrents ran,
And half embalm'd the mummy of a man.

THE

THE

BRUNONIAD.

THE DESCENT OF PEAN.

ARGUMENT.

PEAN conducteth the Hero to the Top of the Mount of Viſions—ſhoweth him the Temples and Palaces of Auguſta, and more eſpecially the Oracle in Warwick-Lane—whither the Potentates paſs in due Order—While he laudeth their Ardour, he of a ſudden waxeth wroth at the Sight of a Public Orator—His Obſervations on the Faculty—and his Inſtructions to Bruno.

The Scene firſt on the Top of the Mount, then in the Metropolis—The Time continueth till Midnight.

THE

BRUNONIAD.

CANTO VI.

DOES the war ſilence? does the combat cloſe?
And ſhall the hero ſink in ſoft repoſe?
Hail to the hand which laid the boaſter low,
And quell'd the dreadful terrours of his brow!
Haſte, and the verdant laurel bring along;
From every boſom burſt the boundleſs ſong:
Ye boon aſſociates, bring the flowing bowl,
Intent to ſooth the mighty maſter's ſoul:
O! let his heart the grateful triumph ſhare,
Like great Lenæus from his Indian war.
Ah no! o'er all let ſacred ſilence reign;
For toils and labours yet unknown remain.
Swift from the regions of unclouded day,
Through the ſmooth air great Pean wings his way;
Bright on his cheeks the bloom of youth appears,
And o'er his ſhoulders wave his golden hairs.
Array'd in ſmiles he beckons from afar,
And ſails incumbent on the breezy air;

Earth to receive him ſpreads her lofty ſeat,
And towering Arthur rocks beneath his feet.
Obedient where the guide celeſtial leads,
The hero follows through the ſpacious meads;
While the chaſte moon, amid the azure ſky,
With pomp refulgent glitters from on high.
His toiling feet the tedious hill aſcend,
And low at Pean's ſacred preſence bend.
* Ye Ghoſts of Men by myſtic Science ſlain,
Who roam all mournful o'er the midnight plain!
Ye Genii who the ſickly bed attend!
And thou, ſtern Death, the grave phyſician's friend!
Grant me in ſolemn numbers to relate,
To mortal ears, the dark decrees of Fate;
To ſing the dictates of great Pean's tongue,
When pleaſing thus th' harmonious periods rung:
" While ſolemn ſilence calms the boundleſs deeps,
" While lull'd to ſlumber mute creation ſleeps,
" I come, deſcending through the airy way,
" A faithful nunciate from the realms of day;
" To call my matchleſs ſons ſerene and great,
" To move before thee in majeſtic ſtate;
" From Fate's decrees to chaſe th' encumbering gloom,
" And ſhow thee viſions of the years to come.
" †But firſt with nectar purge thy earthly eyes,
" Brought from the lucid kingdoms of the ſkies."
So ſpoke the god, and, from a phial tall,
Dropp'd the pure eſſence on each ſmarting ball.

* See Virgil. Æneis vi. † See Milton.

Its

Its ſovereign power the wondering chief admir'd,
Strong as if port his mortal frame inſpir'd.
Clear and more clear he views the blaze of light,
And boldly looks in majeſty of ſight.
Then Pean thus: " Thy dazzled orbs unfold,
" And Albion's huge metropolis behold;
" Her crowded marts enrich'd with gay perfumes,
" Her thouſand turrets, and her regal domes:
" From Scotia's mountains hither ſhalt thou fly,
" And breathe the breezes of a ſouthern ſky.
" Behold, where, proudly eminent o'er all,
" Nods the great temple of reſplendent Paul!
" See, near its walls, that memorable place*,
" Where the grim porter guards a boiſterous race;
" Poor piteous remnant which phyſicians ſpare,
" Ah! oft exalted 'midſt the realms of air!
" And ſee my numerous ſons, a goodly train,
" And all the ſplendor of our Warwick-lane!
" Lo! o'er their heads what groves of lancets glare!
" What crowds of perukes whiten all the air!
" Far o'er the throng what bland enemas fly,
" And, urg'd like fountains, ſpout their ſtreams on high!
" What ſcrawls, preſcriptions, antiquated rules!
" What ſaws, what knives, what multitudes of tools!
" Lo! L—ttſ—e, thundering in his gilded car,
" Refulgent comes! Ye impious quacks, beware!
" Hark! as he paſſes injured Whitehead† calls,
" See! Skeete† indignant waves th' expanded ſcrolls.

* Newgate. † See their publications againſt the Doctor.

" His

" His ear, impervious to all hoſtile ſound,
" No voice can ſoften, no invective wound.
" Onward he ruſhes, ardent to engage,
" Where the cough rattles, and the quartans rage;
" While the ſad ſpirit ſtruggles to be free,
" But goes content when L—ttſ—e has his fee.
" Behold! where Cr—kſh—s follows cloſe behind,
" Some deep invention labouring in his mind.
" O'er all the frame his bright ideas pry,
" No viſcus 'ſcapes his penetrating eye.
" His hand th' injection through each tube impells,
" And bold and clear the bright lymphatic ſwells.
" Freſh from the ſtreet where ſacred *Thomas ſtands,
" Lo! Cl—e diſplays his blood-polluted hands.
" Aloft the conſecrated knife he waves,
" And from its ſides the crimſon torrent laves.
" Well can he trace the wide meandering wound,
" And turn the ghaſtly ſubject round and round.
" He ſhows each muſcle with preciſion rare,
" And ſnuffs the aromatic gale from far.
" But lo! where, freſh from Nature's forming hands,
" Blunt and ſincere, immortal H—t—r ſtands:
" Unaw'd by faſhion's all-prevailing ſway,
" Calm and compos'd he keeps his ſteady way;
" Stedfaſt, his arm the deep inciſion guides,
" While from their channels burſt the crimſon tides.
" To him, ye gentle nymphs of Drury, move,
" Who bear the ſad remains of haplefs love:

* St. Thomas's Hoſpital.

" His

" His ſovereign power the ſhameful breach ſhall cloſe,
" Preſerve the palate, and the ſinking noſe:
" No trembling daſtard he; the ſame to him,
" To quaff his bottle, or to lop a limb.
" * Still, ſtill, my P—tt, amid the glorious band,
" A yard of entrails pendent at thy hand;
" Retire, my ſon, retire from all alarms,
" Nor bound exulting, mid the claſh of arms.
" Enough, great ſire, now glory can no more,
" See thouſand victims on the Stygian ſhore!
" Well pleas'd ſhall Charon waft thee o'er the flood,
" All ſtain'd and crimſon'd with thy country's blood;
" While rolls thy name in life's revolving ſtreams,
" And ſhines for ever in thy poliſh'd themes.
" Nearer and nearer through the tumult draws,
" In ſplendid pomp, the majeſty of H—w—s.
" Hark! from his lips the ſwelling notes rebound,
" How faint in ſenſe, but how ſublime in ſound!
" † For victims reſcued from the 'whelming wave,
" When Hope itſelf denied the power to ſave,
" Refulgent Fame extends the circling crown,
" And ſoft Humanity ſalutes her ſon.
" But ſee, my Bruno, where in ſullen guiſe,
" Thy country's offſpring comes, the great F—rd—ce.
" Like thine, his features, with vermilion bright,
" Reflect a radiance on the face of night.
" Not he to gruel's ſlender ſway conſign'd,
" No thin potations damp his daring mind.

* This was written before his death.
† Alluding to the Humane Society, of which he is a principal member.

" Smiles the weak patient as he takes his way,
" And port ſupplies the place of exil'd tea.
" Hark! hark! from far what doubling thunder ſwells!
" What noiſe of horſes! and what claſh of wheels!
" He comes! he comes! reſiſtleſs through the throng,
" S—d—rs the bold, the bulky, and the ſtrong.
" See! 'midſt the preſs the ſmoking chariot goes,
" While many a hero mourns his aching toes.
" Hail, dread phyſician! how divinely fair!
" How vaſt the ſplendor of thy powder'd hair!
" From year to year thy humour ſtill the ſame,
" Keen as the ſplendor of thy chymic flame.
" O frail condition of all mortal ſtate!
" That worth like thine ſhould bow to angry fate!
" Yet thou ere long muſt give thy frolics o'er,
" And plauſive youths attend thy wit no more;
" While o'er thee Fame her labouring lungs ſhall ſtrain,
" And * Guy's ſad patients mourn their monarch ſlain.
" Sk—e, Sk—e, my child, why thus inglorious plod?
" Why thus obſequious to his awful nod?
" Haſt thou not wiſdom? Be that wiſdom ſhown,
" And riſe ſublime by merit all thy own.
" Hath not gay London tutor'd thee of yore,
" And wiſer Scotland open'd all her ſtore?
" Riſe then, my ſon, while youth inſpires thee riſe;
" Be bold, be great, be virtuous, and be wiſe.
" Sweet child of nature, form'd all hearts t' engage,
" Gay youth's allurements mix'd with ſober age;

* Guy's Hoſpital.

" Long,

" Long, long in life's tumultuous mazes tried,
" No drowſy pedant, and no ſlave of pride;
" All hail, my L—d—r, whoſe benignant mind,
" By learning poliſh'd, and by taſte refin'd,
" Is ſkill'd alike o'er claſſic ground to ſtray,
" Or cautious rove in phyſic's thorny way.
" To thee the matron pours her earneſt prayer,
" And gives her burden to thy tender care.
" Fond maids, by hapleſs love condemn'd to grief,
" Haſte to thy manſion, and expect relief.
" (Vain, vain the wiſh to fly from ſad diſgrace,
" When fruitful nature multiplies apace.)
" Stern and unmov'd thy ſtubborn ſoul remains,
" Deaf to ſweet beauty's plaint, and beauty's pains.
" But hark! the midwife calls, no longer ſtay,
" Haſte to the ſummons; haſte, my ſon, away."
Great Pean paus'd: unmov'd the hero ſtood,
And roll'd his eyes o'er all the mingled crowd;
They, thick as inſects 'neath a ſummer's ſky,
To the full concourſe from each ſtreet drew nigh:
From ſide to ſide the mingling murmurs flow'd,
And each brave breaſt with various paſſions glow'd.
Some, far in theory's wild meanders toſt,
Harangu'd the throng till thought itſelf was loſt:
Others to practice loudly made appeal,
And curs'd the reſt as foes to public weal:
While in the hall, in grave and ſolemn ſtate,
The reverend college ſat in deep debate.
No vulgar dogma caus'd the glorious ſtrife,
No ſymptom, harbinger of death or life.

To thoughts ſo mean can learned doctors bow?
The cauſe debated was a patient's toe.
Then Pean thus: " My ſon, the ſcene behold,
" How loud their tongues, their eloquence how bold;
" How ſtrong their arguments, their wit how keen;
" What angry features, what indignant mien!
" From civil brawls forbear, my ſons, forbear,
" Nor plunge your pupils in the woes of war."
Here ceas'd the god, his voice by rage ſuppreſt;
Wide boil'd the tumult in his troubled breaſt.
Scarce could his eyes the hideous ſhock ſuſtain,
Till thus his tuneful tongue purſued again:
" Oh heavens! what ſights! what pangs! what pains! what racks!
" A herd of ſcoundrels! and a tribe of quacks!
" My noble art a baſe employment made,
" Diſgrac'd, and levell'd with the meaneſt trade!
" See! the puff'd orator erected ſtands,
" Shakes his huge wig, and waves his agile hands.
" * And what is he, who, briſk and debonair,
" With frame inverted ſhakes his heels in air?
" O favour'd iſle, with every folly fraught,
" Nurſe of all ranks from every region brought!
" How can thy ſons, who, warm in thy defence,
" Expire for freedom, bear the loſs of ſenſe?
" Is't not enough thy ſalutary laws,
" For gold, can bend to vice or virtue's cauſe?

* This cuſtom, of the itinerant doctor's attendant inverting the order of nature, is thought by many to be no unapt emblem of his practice; the head where the tail ſhould be. We cannot however agree with them; ſince, when properly examined, we believe it will be a difficult matter to find either the one or the other.

" That,

" That, lull'd in downy eaſe, thy grave divines
" Can ſwear or pray, as various taſte inclines?
" Muſt my own phyſic too inglorious bend,
" Form'd and adapted to the vileſt end?
" O brighteſt ſcience, how profound thy fall!
" O ſweet philoſophy, how vain thy call!
" But ſee, afar, the curſt proceſſion flies,
" And happier proſpects glad my cheerful eyes.
" Again, my genuine ſons, a faithful band,
" Like ſwarms of locuſts, cover all the land.
" Tremendous * Stephenſon, with angry eye,
" Glares on the tumult as it paſſes by.
" See, with what care their dex'trous organs ſcan
" † How ſtrict mechanic the machine of man.
" How ſwift they move! diſcourſing all the while
" Of morbid matter, and redundant bile.
" Their hands how buſy, how intent their ſouls,
" On writing pamphlets, and inſpecting ſtools!
" Thus ſtands confeſt the lurking foe explor'd;
" Thus, by the herald, they deſcry the lord.
" See, the learn'd chymiſt o'er the tow'ring blaze,
" Abſorpt in thought, proceeds from maze to maze:
" The great pathologiſt, with quill diſplay'd,
" Beholds the train of ſymptoms riſe and fade;

* See this gentleman's Obſervations on Blood-letting, &c. where the Faculty is plentifully beſpattered with a multitude of invectives.

† Phyſiologiſts have conſidered the body as an hydraulic machine, and have diſcovered therein the various mechanical powers, as pulleys, levers, &c. This idea has by ſome been carried to the utmoſt; the heart being compared to the pendulum of a clock, and the brain to the wheels.

" Selects the chief, and boldly levels there
" The thunder of his pharmaceutic war;
" While, overpower'd, when drooping reasonf ils,
" Aloft thro' air triumphant fancy fails.
" But ah! my son, how vain thy fruitless pains!
" Still, still, untouch'd the parent stock remains;
" And, as each one beneath thy valour dies,
" Prompt in its stead a hundred hydras rise.
" Lo! in his cell, amid the gloom of night,
" Where shines the taper, pores a wondrous wight
" Patient he roves th' experimental field,
" While to his valour thousand victims yield.
" See, throngs on throngs pursue the bloody game,
" Ev'n youthful tyroes catch th' infectious flame.
" Surely her head must sacred Science raise,
" Upheld by champions unappall'd like these.
" Yet, hard it seems, at pleasure's roving call,
" Unwept, that patient innocence should fall.
" Ah turn, my son, I hear the wailful moans,
" Through all her scenes afflicted Nature groans.
" But go, my Bruno, to the South repair;
" To aid our generous art, be thine the care.
" Around thy chair shall welcome pupils wait,
" Where the great Devil * guards his awful gate;
" While heroes' heads, aloft, o'er Temple Bar,
" Like martyr'd subjects glitter from afar.
" Teach them, my son, in every various frame,
" How parent Nature operates the same;

* The Devil Tavern, where he delivered his first Lectures.

" What

" What vaſt effects from ſimple cauſes ſpring,
" Afflict alike the beggar and the king.
" With raptur'd eye, the whole creation view,
" What fair variety, yet all how true:
" How great, how ſimple the Creator's plan,
" Nor leaſt his grand, his chiefeſt creature man.
" With peruke huge enfold thy reverend head:
" To the gilt chariot yoke the bounding ſteed;
" Still, as of old, on foot the vulgar war,
" Each chief deals fury from his lofty car.
" Yet ah! behold Elyſian proſpects fail,
" And dark and gloomy frowns the horrid jail.
" Yet, yet endure, reſtrain the guſhing tear,
" The hero's boaſt is, never to deſpair.
" Again ere long ſhall happier proſpects ſhine,
" And Freedom call thee to her ſacred ſhrine;
" Again ſhall Flora grace the purple ſpring,
" And merry Peter ſatirize his king.
" Still ſhall grim Cenſure wake her venom'd ſtrain,
" And Perſecution lead her hiſſing train:
" But thou, my ſon, ſhalt learn, unmov'd, to bear
" The taunt calumnious, and the harmleſs jeer;
" The wayward follies of a ſliding age,
" Indignant Malice, Envy's fierceſt rage;
" Triumphant climb the mountain's haughty brow,
" And hear, ſerene, the thunder growl below;
" Till ſure, at length, the fatal moments come,
" And Glory binds her laurel round thy tomb."
Here ceas'd the god (while low the hero bows);
The blaze effulgent glitters round his brows:

And

And while from far the clocks ſonorous toll,
And village maſtiffs raiſe the midnight howl,
Through fields of liquid air aloft he flies,
And ſkims the ſtarry kingdoms of the ſkies;
Till glad he hails the radiant domes above,
And quaffs his nectar in the court of Jove.